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All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* September *will be noticed in the* October *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th October, *in the* November *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Our next number (for October) will contain, among other articles, "Reminiscences and Letters of George Eliot," "The Angel in the House" (with a portrait), a separate plate portrait of Professor Drummond with accompanying essay, "Mr. R. H. Hutton of the *Spectator*," by Mr. William Watson, and the first of a new series of papers embodying personal recollections by the author of "The Carlyles and a Segment of their Circle." Among the subjects will be Wordsworth, Thomas Campbell, Jeffrey, Leigh Hunt, Aytoun, James Hannay, Alexander Smith, Edwin Waugh, and George Henry Lewes. There will also be a short article headed "Mr. Carlyle on Mr. Froude."

Regular features of The Bookman in future will be a brief survey of the literature of the month, and a column headed "New Authors."

A book of great political interest may be expected this autumn. Major Le Caron, one of the chief witnesses in the Pigott case, has prepared his diary for publication. It will contain a full account of his intercourse with the United Brotherhood, Clan na Gael, and other Irish revolutionary societies in America, during his engagement as a spy for the English Government. The diary will be supplemented by official and secret documents, letters, and rules, etc., of the societies named.

The long-expected new edition of Sir William Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible' may be looked for towards the end of the year. The editor has had the co-operation of Professor J. M. Fuller, of King's College, editor of the Student's Bible, and author of the commentary on Daniel in the Speaker's Bible. Professor Driver, of Oxford, contributes the articles on the Hexateuch. Professor Cheyne is, we believe, not a contributor.

Sir William Smith has proved a most able editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He has found time also to contribute a few articles—among them, we believe, one on J. W. Croker.

We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling will not continue their journey round the world. Indeed, they have already returned from Japan to America. Mr. Kipling was unfortunately one of the depositors in the New Oriental Bank. His description in the *Times* of the way in which the news of the failure was received in Japan is one of the most graphic things he has ever written.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a new poem of some eleven verses, entitled 'The Last Chantry.'

We have pleasure in announcing a series of volumes to be issued in connection with The Bookman. They will be entitled 'The Bookman's Library,' and will consist partly of reprints, partly of original matter. The volumes will be handsomely printed and bound, and only five hundred copies of each will be issued. This will include the American as well as the English edition.

The first two volumes are nearly ready, and will be issued in November and December. They are 'The Poetry of the *Dial*' and 'The Complete Works of Emily Brontë.'

In 'The Poetry of the *Dial*' the poems are arranged under the names of the authors. For the names the authority is a copy of the *Dial* in the possession of Mr. Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, in which the authors have been marked by Emerson. Brief lives of the writers are given, along with notes and an introduction. Complete sets of the *Dial* are now excessively scarce, and many of the poems by Lowell, Thoreau, and others have never been reprinted.

In the 'Complete Works of Emily Brontë' the text of 'Wuthering Heights' is printed from the original edition. The text now in circulation was revised by Charlotte Brontë after her sister's death, and contains numberless minute alterations. Miss Brontë's poems are also given from the first edition. The book will contain a prefatory essay, in which will be given two letters of Emily Brontë never before published. An attempt will be made in this essay to trace the source of the story in 'Wuthering Heights.'

Our readers will remember that in the interview with Dr. Conan Doyle published by us in May, the novelist

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mentioned the origin of his most famous character, Sherlock Holmes. The idea, he said, was suggested by one of his Edinburgh professors. In the *Strand Magazine* the name of this teacher is given, and no one who knows anything about Edinburgh will be surprised to hear that the reference is to Dr. Joseph Bell. Dr. Bell's professional work has been far too engrossing to allow even of flirtations with literature; but it is interesting to know that more than twenty-five years ago he contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, then under the care of Mr. Leslie Stephen, an anonymous paper on "Old Houses." The article appears in the number for May, 1866, and shows a keen faculty of observation. Read in the light of "Sherlock Holmes," the following sentences are highly characteristic:—"I hold that by submitting to, or worse still, by rejoicing in a tame uniformity in our domiciles, we, of our own accord, deprive ourselves of one of the highest privileges of reason, and degrade ourselves by submission to one of the necessities under which instinct labours. Bees build their cells by exact rule and predetermined angle. A mavis's nest is recognised as one all the world over, and probably has not altered by one iota in its architecture since time began. Rabbit-burrows and mole-galleries have gained nothing in their construction from the experience of hundreds of generations. *To man alone is the privilege given of impressing, not merely a generic or specific character, but a stamp of individual peculiarity on his home. If walls have ears, houses surely may be allowed to have faces too, and these are often very expressive ones, telling in many cases more about their owners than their own faces dare to tell, sometimes wrinkled, now painted and patched like any made-up dowager, now clean and cared for, again grimy and foul as a drunkard's cheek.*" The italics are ours.

Referring to Dr. Bell's letter in the *Strand Magazine*, one of his old students says: "The picture is not so much overdrawn as Dr. Bell's modesty would have us believe. No one who has been present at his out-patient cliniques in the Royal Infirmary can forget the way in which he greeted his patients with, 'Now, my man, sit down and don't say a word,' and then proceeded to inform the crowd of students exactly what was wrong with the patient. To the junior man it was positively miraculous; and once you were told 'how it was done,' it seemed child's play—till you tried to do it."

The *Strand Magazine* has made a very lucky hit in getting illustrations of dolls dressed by the Queen. An article on dolls was being got up for the magazine, when a member of the staff suggested that the Queen should be asked whether she had ever dressed dolls. This was done, and a gracious reply sent immediately through Sir Henry Ponsonby that the Queen had dressed many, and that they could be seen at Buckingham Palace. Permission was given to make illustrations, and Her Majesty has agreed to revise the article. She has asked for a large number of copies to circulate among her friends.

The *Illustrated London News*—well informed usually in such matters—stated casually the other day that the original of George Meredith's 'Evan Harrington' was Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry.

Collingwood's 'Life of Ruskin,' which is to be published in the autumn by Methuen and Co., is likely to prove an attractive feature of the coming season, apart from the fact that it is to be the "only authorised Life." We understand that it will contain a portrait of Ruskin in colour, from an original water-colour drawing by himself, careful reproductions of some six or eight of his drawings, a fac-simile of a portion of the MS. of 'Fors,' and illustrations of Brantwood and other residences. The volumes (for there will probably be two) will be published simultaneously in the United States.

The Arena Publishing Company of Boston, publishers of the *Arena* magazine, have secured the rights in Mrs. French-Sheldon's book describing her experiences in East Africa. A preliminary article on Lake Chala appears in the current issue.

The series of papers giving an imaginative account of the Great War of 1892, which appeared in *Black and White* in the early part of the year, have been revised, and will be issued in book form by Mr. Heinemann this autumn. Many of the pictures have been re-engraved and altered to suit the pages of the book.

Mr. Garner, who proposes going to Africa to investigate and report upon the language of monkeys, has been frequently styled "Doctor" and "Professor" by the English press. Mr. Garner lays claim to neither title. He was a schoolmaster for some years, and later engaged in land speculation. He has given up his business entirely, in order to be free to devote his whole time to his new work.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. are reprinting George Eliot's translation of Strauss's Life of Christ, with an introduction by Dr. Pfleiderer.

The Cassell Publishing Co., of New York, have, we hear, secured the American bookrights of Mr. W. Clark Russell's next four novels, which, we may mention, are already all placed for serial publication.

We understand that a new edition of Mr. W. Bell Scott's 'Harvest Home' will shortly be issued by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane. This little volume of a hundred short poems, which has been out of print for some time, was the work of Mr. Scott's seventieth year, and the new edition will be accompanied by what he called an 'Aftermath.' His 'Autobiographical Notes' will probably be ready for publication in November.

Another painter seems likely to be added to the list of poets and painters. Is it generally known that the pretty lines affixed to Mr. Albert Moore's 'Revery,' exhibited in the New Gallery this summer, are the painter's own? We understand that Mr. Moore, who first discovered that he had any faculty of verse from finding lines come into his head on the subjects of his own pictures, has of late been cultivating the new-found talent, and may by-and-by have

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enough material to challenge criticism with a book of verses.

Mr. Baring Gould has been for some time engaged upon an exhaustive history of the Cæsars, a work which will contain a number of illustrations, including reproductions of medallion portraits and busts. It is understood that the title will be 'The Tragedy of the Cæsars.'

Mrs. W. K. Clifford is following up the success which she has achieved with 'Aunt Anne' by the publication of another book—short stories this time—which will be issued in the late autumn.

Mr. Frank Harris, the brilliant editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, also intends issuing a volume of short stories this autumn, through Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The book is likely to make considerable stir, as the attention which Mr. Harris's stories attracted as they appeared from time to time in the *Fortnightly*, was very unusual.

Mr. Edmund Gosse is rusticating in a quiet spot in Somersetshire—"The Mill," Dunster, where he has gone for his holiday for a year or two past.

The two volumes of Dr. Conan Doyle's 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' have been secured by Baron Tauchnitz for his Continental library.

The *Spectator* of August 20th, in an article on "The Poetesses of the Century," which we may perhaps safely attribute to Mr. William Watson, criticises somewhat severely Mrs. Browning's 'Portuguese Sonnets.' The writer says:—

> "'My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
> *Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree,*
> As girls do, any more.'

Is this an example of natural and unforced expression? One more illustration shall suffice. She has been speaking of her lover's first kiss:—

> 'The second *passed in height*
> The first, and sought the forehead and *half missed,*
> Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
> That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown
> With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
> The third upon my lips was *folded down*
> *In perfect purple state.*'

The last is surely rubbish of the most insufferable kind." If Mr. Browning had lived to read this he would assuredly have composed a sonnet.

The business of Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., which has lately changed hands, will still be conducted at the same office, and the publication of Oriental literature will continue to be a feature.

Miss Sarah Orme Jewett has just returned to this country from the Continent.

Mr. Rider Haggard has recently returned from Homburg, where he has been taking a course of the baths.

Captain Hawley Smart's new novel, entitled 'A Racing Rubber,' will be issued in due course by Messrs. F. V. White and Co.

Mr. Grant Allen's 'The Scullywag' will be the serial with which the *Graphic* will commence the new year.

In a recent reference in one of our news notes to a novel by Mr. William Tirebuck, the name should have been given as "Dorrie," not "Dorothy."

Mr. F. Anstey explains, in reference to a paragraph quoted in our last number from 'Past and Present,' that while he received £25 for the first edition of 'Vice-Versa,' Messrs. Smith and Elder voluntarily increased this sum till he has now been paid between five and six hundred pounds.

'The Spin of the Coin' is to be the title of Beeton's Christmas Annual this year, which will consist of one long and several short stories, all by well-known writers. Mr. George Hutcheson, who recently illustrated 'The Bachelors' Club' and the Library Edition of Dr. Conan Doyle's 'Study in Scarlet,'—which latter, by-the-by, made its first appearance in Beeton's Christmas Annual,—will be answerable for the illustrations.

> "Ye wanderers that were my sires,
> Who read men's fortunes in the hand,
> Who voyaged with your smithy fires
> From waste to waste across the land." . . .

So sings Mr. Andrew Lang in a poem entitled 'Pen and Ink,' in which he laments over the change from the nomad to the sedentary life. The allusion receives elucidation from the fact that the family of the Langs claim a Bohemian origin.

We understand that Mr. Alfred Milner, the new chairman of the Inland Board of Revenue, is occupied in writing a book upon Egypt, for which his successful career in that country as Financial Secretary has admirably fitted him.

The authoress of 'Ideala,' who writes under the pseudonym of Sarah Grand, has in the press a new novel, which is to be issued shortly with the title of 'The Heavenly Twins.'

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK.—Abbotsford and its Treasures, illustrated by a series of twenty-five plates in colour, and an etched frontispiece, drawn by William Gibb, with an introduction and descriptive notes by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford. The Dryburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels. To be completed in twenty-five volumes, and published monthly, commencing November 1st, 1892. 5s. each volume. This edition will be illustrated by 250 wood engravings, by Gordon Browne, Hugh Thomson, William Hole, R.S.A., George Hay, R.S.A., etc. Drawing and Engraving, by P. G. Hamerton, with numerous illustrations, selected or commissioned by the author.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD.—The Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck, M.P., by John Kent, private trainer to the Goodwood Stable. Edited by the Hon. Francis Lawley, with twenty-two full page plates. The Philosophy of History in Europe, by Professor Flint. The Arabian Horse, his Country and his People, with portraits of typical or famous Arabians, and numerous other illustrations, by Colonel W. Tweedie, C.S.I., H.B.M.'s Consul-General, Baghdad, and Political Resident for the Government of India in Turkish Arabia. The Voyage of the *Nyanza*, by Capt. J. Cumming Dewar. Illustrated. A Concise History of England, by Professor Montagu Burrows, Oxford. History and Poetry of the Scottish Borders, by Professor John Veitch. New and enlarged edition. Our Life in a Caravan; being the voyage of

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the *Escargot* from Bordeaux to Genoa, by the author of A Day of my Life at Eton. Illustrated. Chinese Stories, by Professor R. K. Douglas. Illustrated. Glimpses of Church and Social Life in the Highlands, by A. Macpherson. The Public Worship of Presbyterian Scotland Historically Considered (Cunningham Lecture), by the Rev. C. G. McCrie. Aberdeen Doctors, by Mrs. Ella Hill Burton Rodger. Othello, by W. R. Turnbull.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.—The Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus, P.C., G.C.B., 1837-1862, with two portraits, demy 8vo, 2 vols., 32s. The Career of Columbus, by Charles Elton, Q.C.; and map, 10s. 6d. Football: The Rugby Union Game; edited by Rev. F. Marshall, with numerous illustrations; cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. Out of the Jaws of Death, by Frank Barrett, author of Fettered for Life, Lady Biddy Fane, etc., 3 vols, 31s. 6d. The Snare of the Fowler, by Mrs. Alexander, author of The Wooing o't, etc., 3 vols, 31s. 6d. The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne; illustrated; third edition now ready, 6s. Leona, by Mrs. Molesworth, author of Carrots, Little Mother Bunch, etc., 6s. The New Ohio: A Story of East and West, by Edward Everett Hale, author of The Man without a Country, Sybil Knox, etc., 6s. The Art of Making and Using Sketches (from the French of G. Fraipont, Professor at the College of the Legion of Honour), by Clara Bell, with fifty illustrations from drawings by the author, 2s. 6d.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.—The Ivory Gate, by Walter Besant, author of All Sorts and Conditions of Men, etc., 3 vols. Bob Martin's Little Girl, by David Christie Murray, author of Joseph's Coat, etc., 3 vols. Treason-Felony, by John Hill, author of Waters of Marah, etc., 2 vols. The Marquis of Carabas, by Aaron Watson and Lillias Wassermann, 3 vols. A Family Likeness, by Mrs. B. M. Croker, author of Pretty Miss Neville, Diana Barrington, etc., 3 vols. Heather and Snow, by Dr. George MacDonald, author of David Elginbrod, etc., 2 vols. The Constable of St. Nicholas, by Edwin Lester Arnold, author of Phra the Phœnician, with a frontispiece by Stanley L. Wood, 3s. 6d. Sally Dows, etc., by Bret Harte, with a frontispiece, 3s. 6d. A Soldier's Children, by John Strange Winter, with thirty-four illustrations by E. G. Thomson and E. Stuart Hardy, 3s. 6d. The American Claimant, by Mark Twain, with numerous illustrations by Hal Hurst and Dan Beard, 3s. 6d. The Fate of Herbert Wayne, by E. J. Goodman, author of Too Curious, 3s. 6d. A Lost Soul, by W. L. Alden (September). Taken from the Enemy, by Henry Newbolt (October). Modest Little Sara, by Alan St. Aubyn (November). Maid Marian and Robin Hood: a romance of Old Sherwood Forest, by J. E. Muddock, author of The Dead Man's Secret, etc., with twelve full-page illustrations by Stanley L. Wood, 5s. The Simple Adventures of Mem Sahib, by Sara Jeannette Duncan, author of A Social Departure, with numerous illustrations, 7s. 6d. The Downfall, by Emile Zola; translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly, 3s. 6d. From Information Received, by Dick Donovan. The Suicide Club, and the Rajah's Diamond (from New Arabian Nights), by R. Louis Stevenson, with 12 full-page illustrations, 5s. London, by Walter Besant, author of All Sorts and Conditions of Men, etc., with 124 illustrations, 18s. Where Art Begins, by Hume Nisbet, with twenty-seven illustrations, 7s. 6d. Old Times and New on the Brighton Road, by Charles G. Harper, author of Pen Artists of the Present Day, with a steel-plate frontispiece and ninety illustrations by the author, 16s. The Thousand and One Days: Persian tales; edited by Justin H. McCarthy, with photogravure frontispiece to each vol. by Stanley L. Wood, 2 vols., 12s. Eighteenth Century Vignettes, by Austin Dobson, with a frontispiece, 6s. The Complete Poetical Works of George Macdonald; collected and arranged by the author, 2 vols., 12s. Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways, by Mrs. Egerton, with an introduction by the Rev. Dr. Henry Wace, and numerous illustrations, 6s. A Prince of the Blood, by James Payn, 2s.

CLARENDON PRESS.—Plato, Republic, Greek Text, edited, with Prolegomena, etc., by B. Jowett, M.A., and Lewis Campbell, M.A. The Table-Talk of John Selden, edited, with an introduction and notes, by S. H. Reynolds, M.A. Wise Words and Quaint Counsels of Thomas Fuller, selected and arranged, with a short sketch of the author's Life, by Augustus Jessopp, D.D. Selections from Swift, by Henry Craik, M.A., Vol. II. Hymns and Chorales for Colleges and Schools, selected and edited by John Farmer, Wadham College. Oxford: its Foundation, Architecture, and History, by T. G. Jackson, A.R.A., with numerous illustrations. A History of Sicily, by the late E. A. Freeman, D.C.L. History of Agriculture and Prices, by the late J. E. Thorold Rogers, M.A., Vols. VII. and VIII. Life and Letters of Sir Philip Sidney, by Ewald Flügel, Ph.D. The Complete Works of Chaucer, edited by W. W. Skeat, Litt.D., 5 vols.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN AND CO.—Eton of Old, 1811 to 1822. By an Old Colleger. Illustrated. Tales from the Dramatists. By Charles Morris. With an Introduction by Henry Irving, D.C.L., etc. 3 vols, 10s. 6d. net. The Newbery Classics. A new edition of the Poets. Each in one volume, 2s. The following are in preparation: Burns's, Byron's, Campbell's, and Wordsworth's Poetical Works, and Shakspere's Works.

ELKIN MATHEWS AND JOHN LANE.—The Rhythm of Life (Essays), by Alice Meynell (*née* A. C. Thompson). Silverpoints, Poems by John Gray. A Poet's Harvest Home, with an Aftermath, by William Bell Scott. Poems by Selwyn Image. Liber Amoris, by William Hazlitt, a reprint, with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. Stephania, a drama in three acts, by Michael Field, with title-page and ornaments by Selwyn Image. Dante: Six Sermons, by the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A., Warden of University Hall. A third improved edition.

MESSRS. LONGMANS AND CO.—Deer-Stalking in the Highlands of Scotland, by the late Lieut.-General H. H. Crealock; edited by his brother, Major-General John North Crealock, with forty full-page plates reproduced in autotype, and over 200 illustrations in the text; six guineas net. A Selection from the Letters of Geraldine Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle; edited by Mrs. Alexander Ireland, author of The Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle, and prefaced by a monograph on Miss Jewsbury by the editor. The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland: being a Record of Excavations and Explorations, 1891-92, by J. Theodore Bent, F.R.G.S., with numerous illustrations. Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History, by Sir Henry Parks, K.C.M.G., with portraits, 2 vols. Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews, 1865-1890, by A. K. H. B., 2 vols. Vol. I. 8vo, 12s., ready; Vol. II. in preparation. Letters to Young Shooters, by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart., with illustrations. The Life of the Right Honourable Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke, with a brief prefatory memoir of his Kinsman, Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, G.C.B., some time Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, afterwards Governor-General of Canada and Commander-in-Chief of British North America, by A. Patchett Martin, with two portraits (Robert Lowe in Sydney, 1847, and Viscount Sherbrooke, 1883), 2 vols. The New Eden: a story by C. J. Hyne, with frontispiece and vignette. After Twenty Years: a Collection of Reprinted Pieces, by Julian Sturgis, author of Thraldom, John Maidment, etc. Pleas and Claims for Christ, by the Rev. Henry Scott Holland, M.A., Canon and Precentor of St. Paul's. The Church in Relation to Sceptics: a Conversational Guide to Evidential Work, by the Rev. Alex. J. Harrison, B.D., Evidential Missioner of the Church Parochial Mission Society, Lecturer of the Christian Evidence Society, Boyle Lecturer 1892, author of Problems of Christianity and Scepticism, 7s. 6d. The Holy Eucharist: the Highest Act of Christian Worship, treated in a series of essays by various authors; edited, with a preface, by the Rev. Robert Linklater, D.D., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Stroud Green.

MESSRS. OSGOOD, MCILVAINE AND CO.—Tess of the D'Urbervilles, by Thomas Hardy. Popular edition in one volume. 6s. Moltke: His Life and Character. Sketched in journals, letters, memoirs, a novelette, autobiographical notes. Translated by Mary Herms, with illustrations from water-colour and black-and-white sketches by Moltke; portraits and facsimile letters. 10s. 6d. Literary Landmarks of London, by Laurence Hutton, author of Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh, Curiosities of the American Stage, etc. (New Edition.) Illustrated with over seventy portraits, 7s. 6d. A Saint and Others, by Paul Bourget. Translated by John Gray, 3s. 6d.; paper, 2s. 6d. The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani, together with frequent references to the Prorege of Arcopia, by Henry B. Fuller. Revised and enlarged edition, 5s.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.—The Antiquity of Man (from the point of view of Religion, in answer to Mr. S. Laing's Modern Science and Modern Thought) by F. Hugh Capron. Four Biographical Sketches of Welsh Bishops, with a chapter on The Church in Wales, by John Morgan, rector of Llanilid. Nooks and Corners of Herefordshire, by H. Thornhill Timmins, with many splendid illustrations by the author, and an introduction by the Rev. Canon Phillott. Beneath Helvellyn's Shade: Notes and Sketches in the Valley of Wythburn, by Samuel Barber, author of The Lost Village, etc. God's Image in Man. Some intuitive perceptions of truth by Henry Wood, of Boston, U.S.A. Christian Theology and Modern Theories, by Rev. John Evans, B.A. A new edition of Coins and Medals: their Place in History and Art; edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. Revelation by Character; illustrated from Old Testament Lines, by Robert Tuck, B.A., author of First Three Kings of Israel, Handbooks of Bible Difficulties, etc. A new volume of Sermons by the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair. Cheap reissue of Mr. Rees Brotherhood of Letters, and Diversions of a Bookworm.

MESSRS. WARD AND DOWNEY.—Gossips of the Century, by the author of Flemish Interiors, with numerous portraits, 2 vols. Angelica Kauffmann, a biography, with a list of her paintings, drawings, etchings, and illustrative reproductions thereof, by Frances A. Gerard. Social England from the Restoration to the Revolution, by W. C. Sydney, author of Social Life in England in the Eighteenth Century, 1 vol. Our Viands, by A. W. Buckland, author of Anthropological Studies. Ghost Lore, by J. F. Thiselton Dyer. Roy, of Roy's Court, by W. Westall. Ridge and Furrow, by Sir Randal Roberts. Berris, by Mrs. Macquoid. Honours Easy, by C. T. C. James. Geraldine, by R. Ashe King. Infelix, by Lady Duntze. By Right of Succession, by Esmé Stuart.

Booksellers. Will the cheap editions now published in such profusion injure the second-hand book trade? So a pessimist bookseller seems to fear. But there is little reason. The old editions are, generally speaking, so much better than the new, that they and the second-hand book business will hold their ground together. The second-hand trade with America is steadily improving. Books twenty

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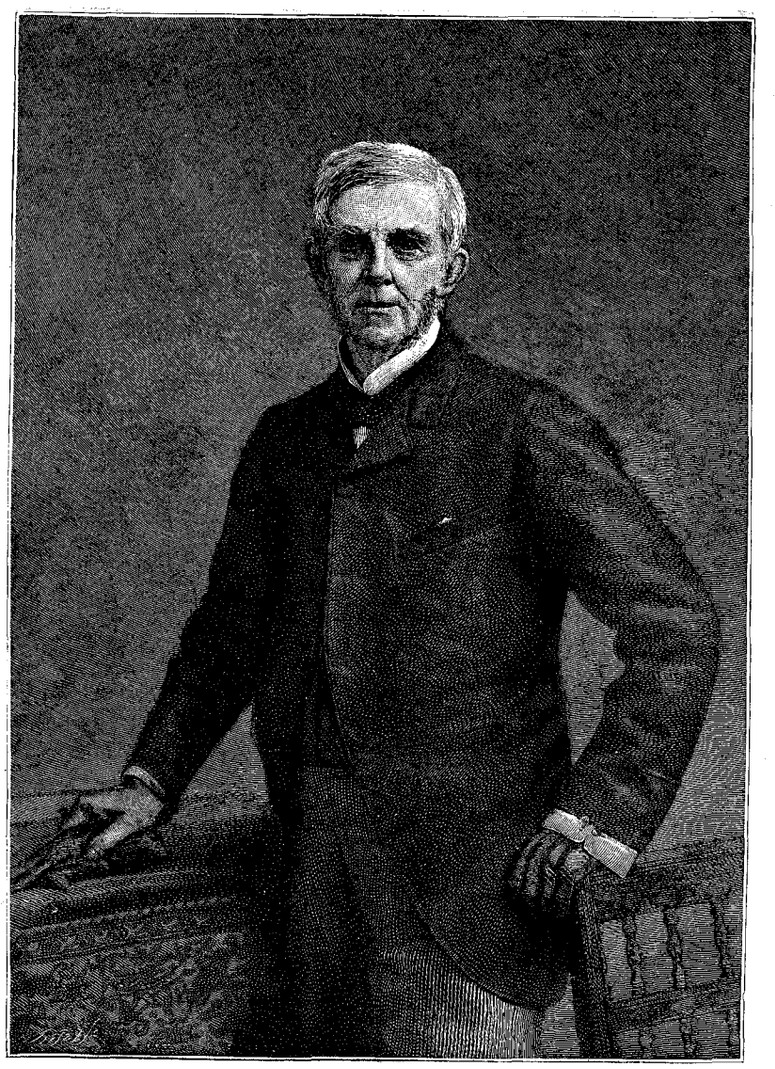
Presented with THE BOOKMAN, *September*, 1892.



Yours very truly,
Oliver Wendell Holmes
Boston, May 8th 1888.

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years old are admitted duty free, and it has just been decided that no renovation, "even if they have received repairs in all respects equal to the new and original binding," forfeits this privilege.

The price of Mr. Swinburne's works, original copies, goes up steadily. 'Cleopatra,' 1866, has been sold lately for £9 10s., and one of 'Siena,' 1868, for £6 5s. A copy of the latter has been skilfully fabricated by means of photography.

Journalism. While the honours conferred on various newspaper men are doubtless well merited, it can hardly be imagined that they are bestowed for intellectual eminence. The recipients are in the main lucky proprietors who have amassed great wealth, partly by shrewdness, partly by good luck, and who have faithfully served the Unionist cause. No one grudges their recognition, but it brings Mr. Besant's millennium not an hour nearer.

It would be a pity to overlook the birth of a remarkable new periodical, which has taken for its title *The Pagan Review*, and for its motto "*Sic transit gloria Grundi*." Its fondest aspiration is "thorough-going unpopularity." It is to be the mouthpiece of "*les jeunes*," to give artistic expression to the artistic "inwardness" of the new Paganism, and the editor, Mr. W. H. Brooks, gives frank warning—young authors take heed—that such articles as "A Study of Robert Elsmere," "The Poetry of Mr. Lewis Morris, and "Art at the Royal Academy" will not be considered; in fact, that 'it will publish nothing save by writers who theoretically and practically have identified, or are identifying, themselves with "the younger men."' The "younger men" evidently look this stupid world in the face, for in the interests of subscribers, they provide for the contingency of the magazine "not living to its allotted term." Let us hope that it will die young rather than it should grow to corrupt middle-age by pandering to "the general reader."

The Continental edition of the *Review of Reviews* has been discontinued.

A new magazine is promised. It is to be called *The Light of France*, unless a happier title should—which does not seem difficult—be hit upon. It is to be in English, but printed and published in Paris, and we understand that some very influential English authors have promised to assist. Mr. Andrews, an American gentleman of means, who has lived much on the Continent, is the originator.

We are sorry to learn that the Institute of Journalists is not flourishing financially, and "has not been able to pay its way for several years, except by means of extraordinary and temporary expedients." It is stated that the income from 3,000 members does not raise much more than £1,000, and as £500 of arrears is outlying it is thought the subscription cannot be increased to a guinea. It was proposed that delegates should in future cease to receive their railway fares, but the matter was re-committed for consideration.

We believe a very large number of journalists are dissatisfied with the work of the Institute. They complain that nothing is talked of but reporters' rights and fees. This is all very well, but it is not enough. A body of men like the journalists of this country should come together to discuss the higher aspects of their work; we know no reason why the intellectual level of the meetings should not be as high as that of the British Association. It is particularly disappointing to find that the Edinburgh gathering is to be devoted to feasting and argument about technicalities. As we urged some months ago, there was ample opportunity for a step forward. For many reasons it is most desirable that the journalists of particular districts should assemble periodically, and that there should be a yearly gathering at some central point. The Institute promised to provide a rallying ground. But it has not done so. The great majority of journalists have very little interest in the matters hitherto taken up, and other people have none at all. If journalism is to rank, as it should rank, in social consideration with the learned professions, it will not be by journalists affixing M.J.I. to their names, but by their showing that they are intellectually on a level with the other instructors of the public. We observe with satisfaction that Mr. Charles Russell, of the *Glasgow Herald*, is the new President of the Institute.

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. have commenced an action against the Waverley Company of New York for infringement of copyright of 'Nada the Lily.' A preliminary injunction has been refused, but the suit has to be tried on its merits, and it will be pressed to the end.

American. A Boston firm has reprinted four of Messrs. Novello's copyright properties. These were duly registered in Washington simultaneously with the English publication. But it is alleged that, not having been printed in the United States, the copyright has not been secured, and the matter is to be fought out in the law courts.

It is not generally known that there are no less than seventeen Mr. Harpers in the business of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Laurence Hutton, one of Messrs. Harper and Brothers literary advisers, is at present in this country on his way round the world. We understand that arrangements consequent on the death of the late Mr. Osgood, who was Messrs. Harper and Brothers' English representative, have detained him some time in London. Mr. Hutton, who is the book reviewer of *Harper's*, has been busily engaged in writing from proof-sheets and MSS. enough advance reviews to last while he is away.

Single copies of books from the lists of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., of Boston, and editions of the copyrights of which have not been disposed of to firms on this side, can in future be obtained from Messrs. Gay and Bird, King William-street, Strand. Mr. A. P. Watt, however, of course continues to occupy the position of European agent to the firm.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is engaged upon a series of literary miniatures or cameos—slight but clearly-sketched incidents in simple lives—which will probably bear the title of 'Pastels' when published.

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THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER XII. AND LAST.

Charles Buller and Carlyle—Carlyle and the Reproductive Employment of Pauperism—The Latter Day Pamphlets—Outline of Carlyle's scheme—It is rejected by statesmen and politicians, and has been neglected by Mr. Froude—Carlyle on Philanthropy—Lord John Russell and Macaulay—Carlyle's appeal to Sir Robert Peel—Peel's death, and its effect on Carlyle—Carlyle on Government.

CARLYLE'S pupil in earlier and friend in later years, Charles Buller, died towards the close of 1848, and Carlyle wrote a kindly obituary notice of him, which appeared in the *Examiner*. Buller had been President of the Poor Law Board since the return of the Whigs to office, after the Repeal of the Corn Laws. With all his affection for the man, Carlyle spoke to me rather slightingly of him as an administrator, approaching, "with kid gloves on, that grimy phenomenon," pauperism. This meant nothing more than that Buller managed his department as his predecessors in office had done, and as his successors were to do. The connection with Poor Law Administration of so old and intimate a friend had led Carlyle to look a little into the unsatisfactory statistics of English pauperism the magnitude of Irish pauperism was glaring, and, as was seen in the last chapter, Carlyle had promulgated a scheme for its reproductive employment. By degrees he formed a gigantic and far-reaching scheme of the same kind, embracing English as well as Irish pauperism. A statement of it, made with immense emphasis, was to be thrown here and there into those Latter Day Pamphlets which, with their tumultuous vehemence of protest against everything under heaven, have become, in spite of the enormous literary power displayed in them, wearisome in their monotony. They are now probably the least read of all Carlyle's writings, and possess mainly a biographical and psychological interest. It was unfortunate that Carlyle's project of social reconstruction should have been communicated through that turbid, that tempestuous medium. The Latter Day Pamphlets provoked a howling storm of wrathful criticism. Furious at Carlyle's assaults on the popular idols and dominant ideas of their time, the great majority of his critics were in no mood to examine his one solitary proposal of a practical, I am far from saying of a practicable, kind, for the gradual abolition of the social anarchy which he denounced with a terrible earnestness almost unknown in the world's literature since the record of Hebrew prophecy was closed.

No. I. of the Latter Day Pamphlets (1st February, 1850) contained Carlyle's scheme, in its rudimentary form, of "Industrial Regiments," British as well as Irish. Poor Law Relief of any kind was to be sternly refused to all paupers capable of working. Work was to be offered them by the State. If they shirked it, they were to be flogged; and if, after this operation, they remained disobedient, they were to be shot, a needless exhibition of the harshness which, rightly or wrongly, Carlyle, the reader has seen, considered a characteristic of his countrymen north of the Tweed. No. V. of the Pamphlets expanded the original scheme. The Industrial Regiments were no longer to consist of paupers solely. Enlistment in them was to be open to any worker who was dissatisfied with the conditions of his actual employment. The sweated might thus escape from the sweater, the underpaid and overtasked in any department of labour would find work under rigorous but just and wholesome conditions in Carlyle's Industrial Regiments. Thus, Carlyle thought, the ordinary employer of labour would have to concede to his workers equally just and wholesome conditions, or he would find them deserting him and enlisting in the State's Industrial Army. This was Carlyle's solution of the "Labour Question," which is always with us. That in those days of triumphant *laissez-faire* Carlyle's scheme should have received no approval, and only a slight contemptuous attention from statesmen and politicians, is not to be wondered at. It is more wonderful that it should have been utterly neglected by the most prominent and vociferous of Carlyle's enthusiastic disciples. Mr. Froude, the Elisha of that Elijah, is never weary of proclaiming his belief that Carlyle was the wisest as well as the noblest man of his generation, and that only in following Carlyle's precepts is political and social salvation to be found. Yet nowhere in Mr. Froude's writings is there to be found any reference to the Industrial Regiments. When in the course of his elaborate biography of Carlyle he comes to the Latter Day Pamphlets, he has a good deal to say about almost everything in them except the one thing which can chiefly preserve them from neglect. He ignores altogether the scheme on which Carlyle based his hopes of national regeneration, his one noticeable reply to the reproach with which he was frequently assailed, that he could only denounce social evils and had no remedy to propose for them, that he was wholly aggressive and not in the least constructive.

Having been absent a second time from London, I returned to it soon after the appearance of No. I. of the Latter Day Pamphlets. I found Carlyle in one of his sternest moods. So unwelcome to him were visitors that "nobody comes to the house now," Mrs. Carlyle said, not at all complacently, "but a few followers of mine." A single gleam of humour did for a moment brighten the gloom of his denunciations of idle pauperism, poor law relief, charitable dole-giving, and all the rest of it. He illustrated his attitude towards them by citing what he spoke of as "one of the drollest things that ever came from Dickens." When on the occasion of Mr. Dombey's second marriage he enters the church in which it is to be solemnised, attired in a new blue coat, fawn-coloured pantaloons and lilac waistcoat, Mr. Toots, surveying the scene from the gallery, in an undertone informs his neighbour and friend The Chicken that this gorgeous personage is the bridegroom. The confident pugilist hoarsely whispers in reply that Mr. Dombey is "as stiff a cove as ever he see, but that it is within the resources of science to double him up, with one blow in the waistcoat." Carlyle, with grim glee, boasted (mistakenly, it has turned out) that fashionable and complacent as was the Philanthropy of the day, it was within the resources of *his* science to "double it up"! In this anti-philanthropic temper of mind, he spoke with some impatience even of Factory Legislation, an improvement in which was then being mooted, and of Lord Ashley, the Earl of Shaftesbury that was to be, whom he had praised in *Past and Present*.

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"Why," he said, "can't the operatives make their own bargains with the mill-owners?" though he admitted that Factory Legislation was indispensable for the protection of women and children. When I asked him whether he did not think that Lord Ashley was sincere, he would only reply, "He is not consciously insincere," and added, "what he is doing will come out in a way which he little expects." One little episode in Carlyle's biography at this time is worth noting. Some of the Aberdeen students started him, not successfully, as a candidate for their Lord Rectorship against, I think, the Duke of Argyll. "I suppose," he said to me, "the young fellows look on me as an embodiment of German neology." Of the Rectorship, he said: "It is nothing in itself, but is thought to be something here." There were reasons, quite unconnected with personal vanity (of which few distinguished men had less than Carlyle), why he should wish just then to receive what would be regarded as "something" in London.

There was, indeed, no doubt in my mind that in those days Carlyle would have cheerfully accepted an office under Government which might have enabled him to carry out to some extent his scheme for the reproductive employment of pauperism. But the Whigs of 1847-50 (with the exception, perhaps, of Earl Grey, and his distrust of Lord Palmerston's policy had prevented him from joining the Ministry) did not love Carlyle, nor was there love lost between him and them. The Presidency of the Poor Law Board, vacant through the death of Charles Buller, was given to a "safe" Whig lawyer, who and whose newspaper connections were useful to the party. The permanent (as distinct from the parliamentary) secretaryship of the same Board became vacant not long afterwards. From some faint indications at the time, I half-surmised that Carlyle had an eye on it, but it was given to the son of a considerable Whig earl. Carlyle did not spare the Whigs in the Latter Day Pamphlets, and some sarcasms in them on Lord John Russell drew from his lordship, speaking in the House of Commons, an unmistakable reference to Carlyle as "a clever but whimsical writer." A great and Whig brother-man of letters—Macaulay—was an ardent adherent of *laissez-faire*, and he, it was said, made merry over a slight linguistic error committed by Carlyle (corrected afterwards), who in the first of the Pamphlets had spoken of ἔθνοι instead of ἔθνη! Carlyle turned his face towards Peel, whom he had met occasionally at Lord Ashburton's, and for whom, since the Repeal of the Corn Laws, he had a considerable regard. The Peelites having bought the *Morning Chronicle*, there began to appear in it, towards the close of 1849, a striking series of articles on Labour and the Poor, in London and elsewhere. At the beginning of 1850 there were dim rumours that some of the leading Peelites were in favour of a determined attempt to grapple with the Labour question. However this may have been, in the Latter Day Pamphlet on 'The New Downing Street,' which was to set the pauper to work and was to do a great deal else, Carlyle called on Peel to undertake the Premiership, as if in such a case the will was equivalent to the way. That pamphlet appeared on the 15th of April (1850), and within a month Carlyle was invited by Peel to the dinner-party, Carlyle's graphic account of which and of his host has been printed by Mr. Froude. Some six weeks afterwards Sir Robert Peel was in his grave. With his death there vanished Carlyle's never confident hope of being given an opportunity to realise his dream of social reform. I still remember the tone of sadness, blended with resignation, in which during those years he once said to me: "The world is a poor slave, and will always be governed in a low way." Φ

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has been the good friend of most of us at one time or another. You may not see much of him for years at a time, yet when you come together it is always genially, and with none of the unpleasant melancholy that often marks a meeting after a long absence. He is the cheerful companion of seventeen or seventy, or of any of the years between, when you are not too fanatically absorbed in some dogma, or mission, or too busy scraping money together, or too sick in mind to be capable of any sane intercourse with your kind at all. And, indeed, if he cross your path while you are thus preoccupied, you need not avoid him. Depend upon it, he will put the best construction on your employment or absorption, or at least will acknowledge your right to cut out your own life, become interested in you after a discreet fashion, and then, before the subject becomes painful, will lead the talk off to something else. His tact has become infused in his ink; and of how few writers can the same be said? There are moods when certain names that stare at you from the book-shelf are a positive offence. They rouse your conscience, or invite you to laugh, or recall old dead enthusiasms in a way that cannot always be in season. Holmes never clamours for your attention, but if your eye meet his, you never wish him anywhere else. He is nobody's enemy somehow. Indeed, he is too full of the milk of human kindness to be a profitable enemy, and there is no chance of getting up a really ill-tempered controversy with him. In the midst of it he would be sure to turn round and agree in hearty fashion with one of your favourite propositions, and proceed to deck it out in such a charming fashion, that you would feel kindly towards him immediately; and where would your controversy be then? His popularity has been of that desirable kind that does not make sudden sensations in the newspapers, but which, being based on his ready and accurate understanding of human interests, is not easily snuffed out. He is not so much read, perhaps, as he is widely read. The more you are living in the midst of life, vigorously thinking, acting, or watching, the more does he seem to you an old friend. It has been his delight—he says so again and again—to find himself thinking other people's thoughts, to find himself "on the highway of human experience."

Holmes is a link been ordinary folks and the world of thought. Perhaps no position is more pleasure-giving. He does not belong at all exclusively to the literary caste. He has the *entrée* to its inner circles, but he has no desire for that kind of society only, and when he comes back cheerily to common folks' tables, he puts on no airs, and is ready to tell his experiences to the neighbour at his elbow, though he probably thinks hers quite as interesting. The dwellers in the mysterious region, where literature and philosophy are supposed to be manufactured, hold impersonal com-

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munication, of course, with the world outside their gates. But we do not all take in our culture in shapely forms, through works of art and perfectly-finished systems. We prefer it in grains sometimes, or diluted, and like to see the philosophy recommended to us applied to life before our very eyes. We want some one to think aloud for us. Holmes is admirably adapted for this service. In spite of his tales and his verses, it is difficult to think of him as a man of letters at all. In fact, none of the really companionable essayists have that air. They always seem to have narrowly escaped writing anything at all. They may be the most industrious, methodical, pen-and-ink-loving creatures in the world, but they only leave the impression of having rescued some loose ends from their conversations.

The key to Holmes' success and to his limitations is contained in the title of the books that have brought him fame It is a most significant thing that he made the scene of his conversations a Breakfast Table. In after years, when he had begun the less famous Tea-cup series, he used Breakfast in a figurative sense as the banquet of life's morning. But that was an afterthought. We need not, of course, accept literally the circumstances narrated, but we have to grasp the fact that he at least conceived the possibility of beginning the day with a rush of articulate thinking and sociability. This means, in the first place, health, and also a cheerful outlook and readiness for life which is very rare in those who think at all. Had he done otherwise, his career would have been different. Your energetic man, whose nature is alive at ten in the morning, and who starts with the expectation that other people's are so too, even on normal occasions, is one of the most stimulating sights on earth. He leaves no stone unturned, because he has time to turn them all up. The workaday world finds him awake and interested; the businesses or professions he may have chosen have a generous share of his energies; his library or his laboratory may expect his company while the light is good. When evening comes he is apt to be passive; he dreams, revises, listens. He is both intellectually industrious and volatile. He is pretty sure to be good-tempered and successful. If all this be not true of Holmes in a physical sense, it describes his mental condition. On the other hand, had night seemed to him the more natural time to do his thinking aloud, he would have been another man, probably moodier, perhaps fuller of passion, more concentred, in touch with the world at fewer points. He might have spoken with more authority as a specialist, or been a loftier sage, or a finer poet: almost certainly he would have been a less sane and charming companion.

In reading the 'Autocrat' or the 'Poet' or the 'Professor,' you skip the poems, as a rule, but if you turn back to them, or take up the collected volumes of verse, you find a poet with several strings to his lyre, discover that Holmes just missed being the poet of the Emancipation struggle, because Lowell was there to surpass him, that he has added two or three lines which sing themselves to us occasionally when he is not by to recall them, and that two or three of his poems could claim an honourable place in any collection of beautiful and tender thoughts. The rest of his verse tells of goodfellowship and enjoyment of life; it has the look of having served its purpose excellently well. Give a man a kind heart, a lively fancy, and an ear for rhyme, and you make him irretrievably a writer of album verse, the prey of clubs, centenaries, and young persons. Holmes is the Laureate of all such. Even what is best in his poetry he could have said in prose. But in accordance with the old convention that metre is the proper medium for the intimate confidences of a self-respecting person, he "claimed the poet's franchise," borrowed a lyre, and fingered it with love and with some sweetness.

Two of his tales take a high place in American fiction. They are packed full of thinking and keen observation of life; they are a real contribution to the natural history of the New England mind. As novels they are not first-rate, but they could have been conceived by no second-rate mind. It was the author's other engrossing interests that made them and marred them. The physician brought them into being, gave them interest, and spoilt them artistically. Yet 'Elsie Venner' is no mean achievement. Wearied with its digressions, readers may complain that the trail of the scholar as well as the rattlesnake is over it, but they can hardly avoid acknowledging its power. Every fresh reading calls up the terror of Bernard's strange meeting with the Ugly Things on the Mountain, when he heard "the dreadful sound that nothing which breathes, be it man or brute, can hear unmoved," or the scarcely less terrible quailing of the reptile under Elsie's motionless gaze. Elsie's despair when her pastor fails her in her soul's need, and when she falls back on the sympathy of old black Sophy, has a pathos to which you cannot but respond. The horror of the story notwithstanding, it has a human interest that conquers our repulsion. Only, one wonders what Hawthorne would have made of it. Elsie could hardly have been a more pathetic figure in his hands; but she would have been less of a "case." There would have been no discussion and theories. But the atmosphere would have been charged with her mystery. The shuddering half of her life would have revealed itself in a flash of vision. And yet, after all, it is doubtful whether the tragedy would have been more effective than it is in Dr. Holmes' more matter-of-fact, professional setting.

But he is best of all when the strain of metre and of dramatic trammels have been cast off, and when he pours himself forth in his own vigorous conversational prose. His later books, 'Over the Tea Cups' and the others, add a little to one's knowledge of his later interests, but two or three years of a man's vigorous life reveal the most of him to you, his manner of seeing things, his temperament. Modifications of opinions, additions to his knowledge, are less important. Holmes was at his best when he wrote the 'Autocrat' and the 'Professor.' Some one has called him the American Montaigne; such comparisons are almost invariably worthless. He is pleasantly autobiographical, and weaves his philosophy out of the mood of the moment—there the likeness ends. His harangues are lengthy enough at times, but they do not make you nervous. You know he will laugh suddenly and apply The Boy's Popgun in the middle of a period or an inference, and turn to watch, with the half romantic, half mischievous feelings of an irresponsible grandfather, some little romance of foolish youth which has escaped everyone else's notice. You are just going to express your surprise at his sentimentality, when you hear him boldly questioning

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the worth of some super-refined nineteenth century idea, and declaring that if you were "to introduce the manly art of self-defence among the clergy, we should have better sermons and an infinitely less quarrelsome church militant," or dilating on the virtues that are developed by sporting instincts. A stranger may stare, and think how coarse-grained he is, and be in serious confusion of mind, which will be further increased when something suggests to the Autocrat an old memory, a pretty fancy; and then his poetry gently wells up.

In political theory he is a good American, but it is dangerous in his company to accept "equality" in its commonplace sense, else he will tell you frankly how much more agreeable rich people are than poor ones, and that, "on the whole, there is less self-assertion in diamonds than in dogmas." Holmes loves to paint portraits of his type of the aristocrat. He does not look towards Europe for a model, but finds what he wants at home. There is a peculiar fervour in the pride that looks back over a few generations, each of them marked by virtuous, orderly living, the earlier ones frugal and austere, the later gradually enriched by more generous habits and wider means of culture. We have nothing quite like the pride and patriotism that cling round some gambril-roofed New England home, a century or so old, with a musty library gathered by some Puritan divine, its slow additions keeping pace with each scholarly heir. Such habits and traditions breed a good stock, and Holmes is the prophet of this culture. Yet, as you may gather even from his estimate of the self-made man, and his picture of the man of family, in the 'Autocrat' and elsewhere, at any undue claim to superiority on the part of the members of this aristocracy he will be roused to sarcasm, and will scatter their pretensions to the winds.

His geniality is full-blooded. He will not have the Puritan strain thanked for all the virtues. Sunshine and the good things of life nourish them too. It is well that all should not live amid the narrow circumstances and frigid climate that make for the leaner virtues and the feebler vices, "temperance, and the domestic proprieties, on the one hand, with a tendency to light weights in groceries and provisions, and to clandestine abstraction from the person." Yet with a preference for life on broad and robust lines, he has a strange tenderness for the weaklings of the world. His poets are the great sun-kindled ones, but he will not overlook the moonlit melancholy race, "sensitive to impressions which stronger minds neglect or never feel at all." Omniscience, or perhaps rather, universal sympathy, is his strong point. With such a range he cannot, of course, sound every depth. Man of science, man of the world, philosopher and poet, he must fall short somewhere; but Holmes never made an ignominious failure. If you want to soar, for instance, you go up to the starry regions with some more ethereal guide. Only you find Holmes has been there before you, and has brought down some of the freshness and sparkle to enliven the common earth he loves so well. In his green old age he does not worry about the length of his fame. Yet he is keenly appreciative of the love of his "faithful constituency," and would have them remember him a little while longer. Common-sense and whole-hearted views of life, vitalised by force like his, do not quickly grow old-fashioned. But even when they do, some memory surely will still last of one of the bravest, brightest comrades on the high-road of life in our days.

G-Y.

MONARCHS *IN PARTIBUS.**

IT was strange in a lonely glen of Presbyterian Scotland to come on a Catholic churchyard, all full of crosses and crucifixes, with "Good people, pray for the soul of ——"; it was stranger still to find among those crosses one, taller than the rest, that marks the grave of two brothers who claimed to be rightful kings of Great Britain and Ireland. The glen is the river Beauly's, the churchyard that of Eskadale, seventeen miles from Inverness, and the cross, a Celtic one of reddish stone, bears this legend in Latin and Gaelic:—

"Here rest in the Lord
John Sobieski Stolberg Stuart, Count d'Albanie,
Born 14 June 1797; died 13 February 1872.
And
Charles Edward Stuart, Count d'Albanie,
Born 4 June 1799; died 25 December 1880.
They were united in life, and in death they were not divided [Gaelic].
St. John xi. 25 [also Gaelic], St. John xix. 25.

The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

The story of those two brothers is, whether true or false, one of the strangest stories of the century. If it was true, they were the sons of the only son of Prince Charles Edward and the Countess of Albany, which son, born prematurely in 1773, was straightway, for fear of assassination by Hanoverian emissaries, handed over to the commander of a British frigate, and by him was brought up as his younger son. He entered the navy himself, and as Lieutenant Thomas Allen in 1792 married Katharine Manning, a daughter of the Vicar of Godalming. Eight years later his reputed father, Admiral John Carter Allen, who laid, be it noted, some claim to the Erroll (Hay) earldom, died, bequeathing to his "two sons, Captain John Allen, R.N., and Lieutenant Thomas Allen, R.N.," the sums respectively of two thousand guineas and one hundred pounds. No hint so far of royal parentage; nor was it till 1811, by the brothers' own showing, that any such hint was vouchsafed to them. For, according to a poem by the younger one—

"I was an exile's son—my race and name
Was then unknown—unto myself unknown,
Till twice six troubled summers went and came,
And then they told me what was once our own."
—('Lays,' i., p. 322.)

Stirred by that startling news, they entered the service of the "eagle monarch" Napoleon, and fought in 1813 at

* 'The Bridal of Caolchairn, and other Poems.' By John Hay Allan. 8vo. London, 1822.
'Vestiarium Scoticum.' With an Introduction and Notes by John Sobieski Stuart. Folio. Edinburgh, 1842.
'The Costume of the Clans.' By John Sobieski Stolberg Stuart and Charles Edward Stuart. Folio. Edinburgh, 1843; new edition, 1892.
'Tales of the Century.' By John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1847.
'A Reply to the *Quarterly Review* upon the "Vestiarium Scoticum." 8vo. Edinburgh, 1848.
'Lays of the Deer Forest.' By John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart. Two vols., 8vo. Edinburgh, 1848.
'Poems.' By Charles Edward Stuart. 8vo. London, 1869.

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Dresden and at Leipzig, where "S . . . . t swam the stream and Poniatowski sank," ('Poems,' p. 73). Napoleon's own hand pinned an eagle on the "throbbing breast" of the "child of battles"; and for Napoleon both brothers fought once again at Waterloo, attired in "dolmans green, pelisse of crimson dye" (*ib.*, p. 193).

When "the great Imperial sun had gone down," they betook themselves to London, there to qualify in Gaelic, with Donald Macpherson for tutor, the author of 'Melodies from the Gaelic'; and thereafter for close on thirty years, from 1817 till 1846, they made the Highlands their home—first, it would seem, in Argyllshire, next from about 1826 till 1838 in Alves and Edinkillie parishes, Elginshire, where the Earl of Moray gave them the full run of Darnaway Forest; and lastly at Eilean Aigas, a lovely islet in the river Beauly, on which Lord Lovat built them an antique shooting-lodge. Both married in 1822—the elder a daughter of Edward Kendall, Esq., J.P., of Austrey, Warwickshire, and the younger a daughter of the Right Hon. John Beresford, second son of the Earl of Tyrone, and brother of the first Marquis of Waterford. By the latter marriage there were four children—three daughters (one of them the Baroness Blaze de Bury?) and a son, "Count Charles Edward d'Albanie," who in 1874 married Lady Alice Hay, daughter of the Earl of Erroll, and granddaughter of William IV. Styled first Hay Allan, then Hay Allan Stuart, and finally Stuart *simpliciter*, the brothers continued Protestants during part at least of their sojourn in Elginshire, for, dressed as always in full Highland garb, they attended the Presbyterian worship in the parish kirks; but from their settling on Eilean Aigas they seem to have been devoted Catholics. Eskadale, where they are buried, is two miles above their islet; and every Sunday they used to be rowed up to mass with a banner flying, which was carried before them from the river side to the church door. And what was upon the banner? That Father Macrae, the priest of Eskadale, who often saw this as a boy, has clean forgotten; but it ought, one imagines, to have been a coat of pretence.

They passed those thirty years in deer-stalking and fishing, in the study of natural history and the collecting of Highland folklore, in painting and wood-carving, and in the writing of poetry and the compiling of sumptuous folios. Their works were printed in Edinburgh, and only the other day an old printer's reader there told me how his old foreman had often spoken to him about the two Stuart brothers, "what real grand gentlemen they were, but would walk in and out among the 'cases,' and talk to us compositors quite friendly like." It is the same tale everywhere—of courteous, chivalrous, and kindly natures—at Darnaway, at Eskadale, at Inverness, wherever the brothers still are had in remembrance. No one who knew them, or who knew people who knew them, seems for one moment to regard them as the vulgar impostors of Lockhart's *Quarterly* article (June, 1847), an article slavishly followed by Dr. Doran and by 'Vernon Lee.'

It is fifty years now since their claims were first given to the world. In the 'New Statistical Account of Scotland' (1841), under Kiltarlity, Inverness-shire, there is mention of "Messrs. Hay Allan Stuart, said to be the only descendants of Prince Charles Edward;" and in the *Catholic Magazine*, for March, 1843, there was a nine-page article on 'The Last of the Stuarts,' containing this passage:—

"Suffice it to observe that if the son of Prince Charles Edward be indeed existing, he has chosen to set up the staff of his rest in a foreign land. His children, secure in the possession of their time-honoured name, and content to share with other subjects of Great Britain that allegiance to the reigning house, which, however once rudely diverted from the Stuart family by revolutions of popular feeling, has now become a principle sanctioned by time and by universal concurrence, have returned to the land which was the cradle of their high but fallen race," etc.

The author of the article, who claims a close acquaintance with the brothers, was almost certainly a M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt, whose 'Three Kingdoms' (Eng. trans., 2 vols., 1843) contains much the same statements in often identical language. Anyhow, in 1847 the brothers themselves put forth their own 'Tales of the Century,' where, in the form of romance, and under such thin disguises as Admiral "O'Haleran" (Allan), rightful Earl of "Strathgowrie" (Erroll is in Gowrie), they revealed the secret of their father's birth and youth and *mésalliance*. That secret turns mainly on the testimony of a "Dr. Beaton," who had assisted the Countess of Albany in her accouchement, and who must have attained a patriarchal age, for he had had a son killed at Culloden, yet is left frequenting picture sales in 1831. The 'Tales of a Century' is rather a scarce book now, but its contents are pretty well known through Lockhart's article; enough, that with many improbabilities, such as the one we have noted above, it presents none more glaring than that the son of an English admiral and brother of an English admiral should, with his sons and daughter, their spouses and their children, have cherished a life-long lie which could have been shattered by a single register—that of the baptism of "Thomas, son of John Carter Allen, Captain R.N." The "brother" of that first claimant, the Captain John Allen of the old admiral's will, himself rose to high rank in the service, and lived into the middle of the century. One can fancy how he might have sent for his nephews, and rated them somewhat as follows: "Look here, you young dogs, what the dickens do you mean by masquerading like two figures outside a tobacconist's, and pretending that my brother Tom was not my brother at all? Why, I can remember when he was born, and where. By the Lord Harry! if you don't give it over, I'll give you up, and let the world know what two rascals I have for nephews." And supposing he had thus spoken, and they had turned a deaf ear, still would not his words have come round to my Lords Moray and Lovat? would they have gone on harbouring these two impostors? and would the epitaph on their grave have ever been written by the Rev. Colin C. Grant, for twenty years priest of Eskadale and Bishop afterwards of Aberdeen?

There is a possible solution of the riddle. Lieutenant Allen *may* have been the son of the Countess of Albany, but not of Prince Charles Edward, who at the time of his marriage was a worn-out debauchee of fifty-two. That marriage was by proxy: the child may also have been begotten by proxy, and may really have been born prematurely, too prematurely for even the most ardent Jacobite to recognise his legitimacy. Then there would be an obvious

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motive for smuggling him out of Italy, and bringing him up in ignorance of his birth; then, too, there might be a motive, at present wanting, for the Countess of Albany's visit to England in 1791. Some inkling of his true parentage may have come to Lieutenant Allen, and through him to his two sons; and they, we know, had dealings afterwards with the infamous Robert Watson, who in 1817 purchased at Rome two cartloads of Stuart papers which had belonged to Cardinal York. That collection was taken from him, and came eventually to the British Government, but, according to a commission that sat on it, "deprived of perhaps those very papers which we should consider the most valuable." Were not those papers "the original Stuart papers in our possession" that are cited repeatedly in the brothers' works? and may not the centenarian "Dr. Beaton" of 'Tales of the Century' be identified pretty safely with Robert Watson, M.D., who on 19th October, 1838, at the age of ninety-two, strangled himself in a London tavern? His was a marvellous career—a soldier in the American war of independence, Lord George Gordon's secretary and biographer, president of the Corresponding Society, Napoleon's tutor in English, principal of the Scots' College at Paris, a visitor to every court in Europe, whose puny, crippled frame at the time of his death showed nineteen wound-scars.

But from him and from may-have-beens we must revert to our monarchs *in partibus*. Their life, after leaving Eilean Aigas, may be briefly told—ten years or more at Prague and Presburg and other places in Austria-Hungary, and the rest of it mainly in London, where, although desperately poor, they went out a good deal into society, and where they were well-known figures in the British Museum reading-room. By a strange coincidence both died at sea—they had been at sea all their lives long. But fiction itself has nothing much stranger, more humorous, aye or pathetic, than that after-dinner toast, when the younger brother, rising, would give 'The King!' and the elder, remaining seated, would gravely bow.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE.

THE British Museum has lately become possessed of the extremely scarce poem, by J. H. Newman and J. W. Bowden, entitled "St. Bartholomew's Eve: A Tale of the Sixteenth Century. In Two Cantos. Oxford: Printed and Published by Munday and Slatter, Herald Office, High Street. 1821." It belonged to the Rev. Dr. Bloxam, of Beeding Priory, Hurstpierpoint, and it bears the inscription, "John R. Bloxam, D.D. With the Affectionate Regards of John H. Newman." An envelope addressed to Dr. Bloxam by Newman is pasted in; it has the postal mark, "Birmingham, Feb. 20, /83." Pencil notes in the margin assign the shares of the two authors. Bowden begins and goes on to line 65. Newman commences and goes on thus:

'Mid the recesses of that pillared wall
Stood reverend Clement's dark confessional.
Here Rapine's son, with superstition pale,
Oft through the grated lattice told his tale;
Here blood-stained Murder falter'd, tho' secure
Of absolution from a faith impure—
Mistaken worship! can the outward tear
Make clean the breast devoid of godly fear?
Shall pomp and splendour holy love supply,
The grateful heart, the meek submissive eye?
Mistaken worship! when the priestly plan
In servile bondage rules degraded man,
Proclaims on high in proud imperious tone
Devotion springs from ignorance alone;
And dares prefer to sorrow for the past
The scourge of penance or the groan of fast!
—Where every crime a price appointed brings
To sooth (*sic*) the churchman's pride, the sinner's stings,
Where righteous grief and penitence are made
A holy market and a pious trade!"

Another passage by Newman may be given from the second canto:

"There is in stillness oft a magic power
To calm the breast when struggling passions lower;
Touched by its influence, in the soul arise
Diviner feelings kindred with the skies.
Through this the Arab's kindling thoughts expand,
When arching skies on all sides kiss the sand.
For this the hermit seeks the silent grove
To court the inspiring glow of heavenly love.
—It is not solely in the freedom given
T' abstract our thoughts and fix the soul on heaven;
There is a spirit singing aye in air
That lifts us high above each mortal care;
No mortal measure swells that silent sound,
No mortal minstrel breathes such tones around;
—The angels' hymn—the melting harmony
That guides the rolling bodies through the sky—
And hence perchance the tales of saints who viewed
And heard angelic choirs in solitude,
By most unheard, because the busy din
Of pleasure's courts the heedless may not win;
Alas! for man; he knows not of the bliss,
The heav'n attending such a life as this."

Four pages of notes are added. The first is by Newman, and runs thus:

"Canto the First.
Note 1, page 5, line 1,
The sun has risen.

I take this opportunity of introducing a short sketch of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It may be thought by many an unnecessary task, and some will not fail to deem it as presuming to suppose that our learned University is unacquainted with the full particulars. This I thought myself, when I published the first Canto; but an earnest and attentive canvassing of the opinions of those who have done me the honour to peruse my publication has convinced me of my mistake; and since I have done my best to please, I hope I shall be pardoned if I be in error. The year of our Lord 1572 will ever be branded with infamy and recollected with horror as the date of this most barbarous and cold-blooded massacre. The queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, actuated by zeal or ambition, conceived this design so pleasing to the Court of Rome; and her weak and ill-fated Son Charles the Ninth was made the tool of her bloodthirsty intentions. The hour of twelve according to Voltaire, of three according to Sully, was the time appointed for the commencement of the assassination, and the clock of the church of St. German l'Auxerrois awakened the pious Catholics of Paris to deeds of treachery and murder.

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Coligny, Lord High Admiral of France, was one of the first that was (*sic*) martyred. 30,000 Huguenots shared his fate throughout the empire, and it was only a motive of policy that spared the Protestant King of Navarre, afterwards the famous Henry the Fourth, who had lately married the King's sister. Charles died not long after, a victim to a most miserable disease; his dying moments were haunted with the visions of a distempered imagination or a guilty conscience, and he seemed to wish to atone for his conduct towards the Protestants by appointing his brother-in-law of Navarre his successor. The poetry of Voltaire and the prose of Sully exhibit two Frenchmen speaking in abhorrence of the deeds of their countrymen; and this single circumstance is perhaps more convincing in respect to the atrocity of the massacre than the most laboured declamation of the historian."

The last note is also by Newman, and contains the following curious sentence:

"Paley in his moral philosophy supposes that the happiness of the lower and sedentary orders of animals, as of oysters, periwinkles, etc., consists in perfect health: I should prefer to say, it consists in the silence they enjoy."

It may be added that in the British Museum Catalogue the pencil notes assigning authorship are ascribed to Dr. Bloxam. Is this certain?

THE *QUARTERLY* CRITICISM ON 'JANE EYRE.' WHO WROTE IT?

NO criticism of 'Jane Eyre' is so well remembered as that which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for December, 1848. A single sentence keeps the article alive. To be perfectly fair, we give it along with what introduces it: "Without entering into the question whether the power of the writing be above her, or the vulgarity below her, there are, we believe, minutiæ of circumstantial evidence which at once acquit the feminine hand. No woman—a lady friend, whom we are always happy to consult, assures us—makes mistakes in her own *métier*—no woman *trusses game* and garnishes dessert dishes with the same hands, or talks of doing so in the same breath. Above all, no woman attires another in such fancy dresses as Jane's ladies assume—Miss Ingram coming down irresistible 'in a *morning* robe of sky-blue crape, a gauze azure scarf twisted in her hair.' No lady, we understand, when suddenly roused in the night, would think of hurrying on a frock. They have garments more convenient for such occasions, and more becoming too. This evidence seems incontrovertible. Even granting that these incongruities were purposely assumed for the sake of disguising the female pen, there is nothing gained; for if we ascribe the book to a woman at all we have no alternative but to ascribe it to one who has, for some sufficient reason, long forfeited the society of her sex."

The concluding sentence is perhaps unexampled in criticism, and had results at the time partly distressing and partly comical. Among the latter were the decision, which we have already mentioned, of the Brontë family in Ireland, that the affront could only be wiped out in blood, and the journey which Charlotte Brontë's uncle took to London for the purpose of killing the reviewer. The whole story is told with appropriate vivacity in Dr. Wright's forthcoming book on 'The Brontës in Ireland.' The avenger was well provided with deadly weapons, but he could not discover the object of his wrath.

I am not aware that the reviewer's name has ever been published. Dr. Wright has a theory on the matter, which I leave him to expound, calling attention meanwhile to a fragment of evidence which has apparently been overlooked. The *Quarterly* article on 'Jane Eyre' deals also with 'Vanity Fair,' and—since Jane and Becky are both governesses—with the Report of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution for 1847. The concluding part of the paper is a dissertation on governesses, the pith of which is summed up in the following sentence: "But there *is* one thing, the absence of which need not be added to the other drawbacks of her lot, which would go far to compensate her for the misfortunes which reduced her to this mode of life, and for the trials attendant upon it—for the years of chilly solitude through which the heart is kept shivering upon a diet that can never sufficiently warm it, and that in the longing season of youth—for the nothing less than maternal cares and solicitudes for which she reaps no maternal reward—for a life spent in harness from morning till night and from one year's end to another—for the age and incapacity creeping on and threatening to deprive her even of that mode of existence which habit has made endurable—there is something that would compensate for all this, and that is *better pay*."

From these quotations, and from the whole article, it might reasonably be inferred that the writer was a woman. And in the 'Memoirs and Letters of Sara Coleridge' (fourth edition, p. 301) we find the following, in a letter dated *Chester Place, March 31st*, 1849, and addressed to Edward Quillinan:

"Miss Rigby's article on 'Vanity Fair' was brilliant, as all her productions are. But I could not agree to the concluding remark about governesses. How could it benefit that uneasy class to reduce the number of their employers which, if high salaries were considered in all cases indispensable, must necessarily be the result of such a state of opinion."

Here the reference is obviously to the *Quarterly Review* article in which 'Jane Eyre' is criticised. Miss Rigby (afterwards Lady Eastlake) was on intimate terms with Sara Coleridge. Her literary career had begun brilliantly by the publication of 'Letters from the Baltic,' a work which passed through many editions. She had issued anonymously, in 1843, a curious little Baltic story, entitled 'The Jewess.' She is described by Sara Coleridge (in 1849) as "perhaps the most brilliant woman of the day—the most accomplished and Crichtonian. She draws, takes portraits like an artist, and writes cleverly on painting; she plays with power, and writes most strikingly on music; she speaks different languages." Lady Eastlake's subsequent career has justified this praise. It is, of course, possible that Sara Coleridge may have been mistaken in her assignment of the authorship of the paper in question. If so, it is very remarkable that the mistake should have been allowed to stand in every edition of her memoirs.

Readers will remember that Disraeli's "Mr. Rigby" was a hero of the *Quarterly Review*—J. W. Croker. About his "tomahawking" article on Harriet Martineau, in 1832, it was observed: "No one can massacre a she-Radical like Rigby."

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between July 15th and August 15th, 1892:—

LONDON, WEST CENTRAL.

1. Mountaineering, by Dent and others. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)
2. Human Origins, by S. Laing. 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
3. The Naulahka, by Kipling and Balestier. 6s. (Heinemann.)
4. Nevermore, by Rolf Boldrewood. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. Res Judicatæ, by A. Birrell. 5s. (Elliot Stock.)
6. Sense and Sensibility, by Austen. 2 vols. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent and Co.)

LONDON, EAST CENTRAL.

1. Church (Dean), Village Sermons. 6s. (Macmillan.)
2. The Social Horizon. 2s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)
3. Farrar's Darkness and Dawn. 7s. 6d. (Longman.)
4. Baedeker's London. 6s. (Dulau.)
5. The Wrecker. Stevenson. 6s. (Cassell.)
6. Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul. 3s. 6d. (Longman.)

LIVERPOOL.

1. Mountaineering. Badminton Library. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)
2. Wrecker. R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)
3. Firm of Girdlestone. Conan Doyle. 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
4. First Crossing of Greenland. Nansen. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)
5. Essays on Controverted Questions. Huxley. 14s. (Macmillan.)
6. Nevermore. Rolf Boldrewood. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Ruskin's Books.
2. Farrar's Theological Works. Cheap Edition.
3. Stevenson's The Wrecker.
4. The Thumb Dictionary.
5. Black's Novels.
6. Kingsley's Novels.

EDINBURGH, WEST.

Light literature has been the order of the day here in these holiday times, and such old favourites as the Waverley Novels, Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh, and his History of the Rebellion, 1745, have been much in demand.

Among the new books Nichol's Carlyle holds the foremost place, while the various works by J. M. Barrie, Rudyard Kipling, and R. L. Stevenson find also ready sale.

ABERDEEN.

1. The Wrecker, by R. L. Stevenson and L. Osbourne. 6s.
2. Anderson's Criminal Law of Scotland. 8s. 6d.
3. The Law of Horses, by D. Ross Stewart. 10s. 6d.
4. Chapman and Hall's new illustrated edition of Dickens' Works. 2s. 6d. each.
5. James Gilmour of Mongolia. 7s. 6d.
6. The Little Minister, by J. M. Barrie. 7s. 6d.

I am glad to see that a cheaper edition (5s.) of the Little Minister, with illustrations, is to be published. At that price the book is sure to have a very big sale.

No better value could be wished than the new edition of Dickens' Works (Chapman and Hall). The volumes are handsome and well printed, and not cheap-looking, and ought to command a very wide circle of buyers.

DUBLIN.

1. The Book of Trinity College, Dublin.
2. Stevenson's The Wrecker.
3. Ball's In Starry Realms.
4. Mountaineering. Badminton.
5. Greenhill's Elliptic Functions.
6. Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads.

BRADFORD.

1. Randles' Fernley Lecture. 3s.
2. Stephenson's Words of a Year. 3s. 6d.
3. Horton's, R. F., This Do. 2s.
4. Stevenson's The Wrecker. 6s.
5. Dent's Mountaineering. Badminton. 10s. 6d.
6. Barrie's Little Minister. 7s. 6d.

BURNLEY.

1. Mountaineering, by Dent. Badminton Library. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)
2. Ethnology in Folklore, by G. L. Gomme. 2s. 6d. (Kegan Paul & Co.)
3. The Naulahka, by Kipling and Balestier. 6s. (Heinemann.)
4. Nevermore, by Boldrewood. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. A Bachelor in Search of a Wife, by Annie S. Swan. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
6. Black's Novels. 2s. 6d. edition. (Sampson Low & Co.)
7. Huxley's Essays on Controverted Questions. 14s. (Macmillan.)

MR. LABOUCHERE AND *TRUTH*.

Truth is one of the very few weekly journals that was profitable from the start. Its success has been steady; it is now perhaps stronger than it ever was; but it was never other than successful. All the elements of its popularity, or almost all, were present in the first number, which was issued on January 4th, 1877. The chief has been the potent personality of its editor. Mr. Labouchere brought a unique knowledge of men and things and a pen keen as a patent dissecting-knife to the new journal, and from beginning to end all its contents might have come from the same hand. Contributors were asked to address Mr. Henry Labouchere or Mr. Horace Voules. Mr. Voules is still the editor's right-hand man, and, his excepted, no name that we remember has ever been published in *Truth* as that of a contributor. At first the short paragraphs that open the paper were headed "On Dits," and ran to only three or four pages; the information they contained was not nearly so full as it now is; but they were always piquant. When he had no other news, Mr. Labouchere could fall back on his own reminiscences, and supply paragraphs like this:—

"Nearly twenty years ago I used to know Count and Countess Bismarck in Frankfort. The Count was regarded as an able man, but in appearance dull and heavy. Since he has become a great man 'his genius is reflected in his expressive countenance,' according to newspaper correspondents. Twenty years ago he often passed the entire night drinking beer in a garden looking on the Main. In the morning, after a night passed in beer-drinking, he would write his despatches, then issue forth on a white horse for a ride, and on his return attend the Diet, of which he was a member. Some few years later I was dining at the table d'hôte at Wiesbaden. Opposite me sat a thin, emaciated man, who looked as if he had only a few weeks to live. The thin man said, 'How do you do?' to me, but for a moment I did not recognise him. Then I remembered that he was Bismarck, and my recognition of him was owing to his hands. I never yet saw a man in respectable society with hands habitually so filthy. He had been ill, he said, and he hardly knew whether he would recover. Had he not, the world's history would have been altered."

Mr. Labouchere's paper is above all things readable. He was a believer in leaded type; for a considerable time, indeed, the paper was leaded throughout. This is a great help to the reader. Editors, as matter and advertisements crowd upon them, are seldom able to keep to this rule, and now a good part of *Truth* is unleaded. But the general *format* remains very handy and attractive.

Another point with him was to construct the paper on a definite plan. Experience shows that readers like to know where they can find their favourite article. Of course, like

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other papers, *Truth* has been improved by experience. The departments are more distinctly separated than they were, and some of the most attractive have been added—especially "Queer Stories" and "Madge's" letter. Lady readers, however, were always well catered for.

Literature has never attracted Mr. Labouchere's special attention; but space has always been given to it. The excellent and artistically constructed letters on books have been gradually evolved. In the first number the editor enounces what is now considered in some quarters a terrible heresy. "No business is more purely speculative than publishing. It closely resembles that of those gentlemen who call themselves bankers, and formerly kept gaming-tables at Baden and Homburg." Under the heading "Books and Bookmakers," which was afterwards changed repeatedly, short notices of new publications were given. Though well written and intelligent, it was long before they were so deftly arranged as now, and the frequent modifications show that the editor was not satisfied. The Paris Notes, the dramatic criticisms, the money article, "Scrutator," and other features were among the "happy thoughts" that have never needed to be altered.

No doubt, however, the society gossip and the way in which it has been told have chiefly won for *Truth* its extraordinary popularity. Of that department we say nothing. Mr. Labouchere has never been a mere newsmonger; he has seasoned everything with a spice of comment. For one thing, he has been much concerned with the Church, and has maintained a steady warfare against the extreme High Church party. Confession, the Holy Cross Society, and similar developments occupied much of his space during the first year of *Truth*. There are countless paragraphs like this:—

"The Rev. George Howard Wilkinson, of St. Peter's, has announced his intention to hear no more confessions in private. Well done, Wilkinson!"

But on politics especially he has been outspoken, and his early attitude has a peculiar interest at present. Mr. Labouchere has long made a society journal the medium of advanced Radical views. But he did not begin that way. In 1877 politics were in a confused state. Mr. Gladstone had withdrawn from the leadership of the Liberal party, and was not at ease in his "irresponsible" position. The "Bulgarian atrocities" agitation was going on; and Mr. Parnell had raised the standard of revolt against Mr. Butt. Mr. Chamberlain was beginning to be a power in the nation. *Truth* took a position of impartial cynicism. Mr. Gladstone was not the hero to Mr. Labouchere that he is or was. Out of many paragraphs we take a few.

After a complaint that Mr. Gladstone is making too much of the Bulgarian Atrocities, Mr. Labouchere says (Feb. 1st, 1877):—

"Nothing that the Right Honourable gentleman can do would surprise me; therefore if he moves a vote of want of confidence in Ministers during the next Parliamentary session on the ground that Lord Beaconsfield is the beast whom the recluse of Patmos foretold, I shall not be astonished. Lord Palmerston ventured on a prophecy about Mr. Gladstone; I fear that it will be realised."

February 8th, 1877.

"A very strong feeling exists on the part of many Liberal members against Mr. Gladstone because he receives addresses requesting him to reassume the lead of the Liberal party. This is, with considerable justice, regarded as somewhat ungenerous towards Lord Hartington.

"I had thought of requesting Mr. Gladstone to favour me in his leisure moments with a few *entre nous*; but really since Sir Patrick Colquhoun has exposed the very doubtful evidence upon which the ex-Premier hazarded a statement that corpses of Christians are as common on the coasts of Albania as blackberries on an English roadside hedge, I have decided not to include the Right Hon. gentleman amongst the contributors to this truthful journal."

August 23rd, 1877.

"One of the Lancashire pilgrims to Hawarden Castle on Monday presented Mr. Gladstone with a stick. Concerning this stick the Right Hon. gentleman said: 'It is a most excellent stick. I should not like to have a hit of this stick from a stout arm. It is a good one, good to look at, good to lean upon, it is light in the hand, and has all the qualities of a good stick. Ladies and gentlemen, what we have to do is to strive to be as good in our own characters and capacities as this stick is in the humble capacity it bears.' If Mr. Gladstone can say all this about a common walking-stick, why should we be surprised at his loquacity about the unspeakable Turk?"

Mr. Chamberlain did not fare much better.

"The priggish and self-sufficient Mr. Chamberlain (surely the Chaplin of the Radicals) is at the bottom of this revolution in Birmingham politics.... Excepting Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone has been at one time or another a thorn in the side of every one with whom he has had a political connection."

November 15th, 1877.

"On disestablishment and the land question Mr. Chamberlain contented himself with expounding a variety of exploded fallacies—much as a learned physician of the Tudor times would have discussed of pathology; and as it is evident that this self-sufficient gentleman can teach nothing by talking, he would do well to endeavour to learn by listening."

On Mr. Parnell and his tactics Mr. Labouchere looked with much disfavour.

August 2nd, 1877.

"Of all the obstructives there is none more insidious than Captain Nolan—fomenting and fermenting behind the scenes. He is more unpopular than any other member of the Irish brigade, poor lunatic Parnell included, and numbers of people are asking how his conduct in the House of Commons is compatible with the fact that he holds her Majesty's commission. Poor Charlie White, who was a thorough man and a gentleman, had to choose between Home Rule and the Guard's Club, and wisely elected the latter."

September 13th, 1877.

"Mr. Butt's letter to Father Murphy has fallen like a bombshell among the followers of Biggar and Parnell. They found it impossible to answer Mr. Butt's sound and plain-spoken arguments. He put the whole case in a nutshell: 'Parliament must put down obstruction or obstruction will put down Parliament.'"...

He looked more hopefully to Lord Salisbury.

"Party feeling aside, I believe in this man [Lord Salisbury]. His views are large and broad. He has brains and a master mind. We have of late had too much of mere party tactics. I should be glad to see the destinies of the country in the hands of a statesman, instead of a mere tactician" (Nov. 22nd, 1877).

Perhaps, all things considered, the most remarkable paragraph that has ever appeared in *Truth* is the following (June 14th, 1877):—

"As a result of Mr. Gladstone's Birmingham campaign, an informant of mine from that delightful spot asserts that a rumour is being industriously circulated in the district to the effect that a marriage is on the *tapis* between Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., and one of the campaigner's daughters."

It is only just to say that even then Mr. Labouchere often spoke with great respect of Mr. Gladstone. Thus (October 4th, 1877): "We are proud of him, not only on account of his transcendent intellectual gifts, but because in all he has ever done or said he seems to have been actuated by a sincere and honest desire to benefit mankind rather than, like most statesmen, to benefit himself at the expense of others." Very soon *Truth* ranged itself with the Radicals, whose cause it has consistently championed.

We have no space to do more than refer to Mr. Labouchere's controversial prowess. Most of his assailants he declined to advertise, but when he found a foeman worthy of his steel he used it. *Punch* was among the first papers that attacked *Truth*, and here is the reply:—

"Mr. Tom Taylor, the editor of *Punch*, has inserted in that periodical a cumbersome impertinence respecting this journal.... Alas! Mr. Taylor has no sense of humour. I remember once walking with him from Parliament Street to Long Acre. He commenced to tell me a joke in Whitehall, and when we had reached Long Acre, where I had to leave him, he had not arrived at the 'point.' As we traversed the crossing he paused and monotonously took up the thread of his joke as we found ourselves again in the causeway. I have often wondered how many miles of steady walking would have brought that joke to its climax."

Politicians might find in these volumes many things pertinent to the present situation—among them the notable prophecy that Mr. Courtney would never succeed in Parliament. A bookman cannot but think, after turning over many of these pages, that Mr. Labouchere's autobiography would be one of the most interesting records ever published.

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NEW BOOKS.

PROFESSOR NICHOL'S CARLYLE.*

A new life of Carlyle could be welcomed only if it were distinguished by striking excellence of treatment or as adding to the information given in the many previous biographies of the great Scotchman. Professor Nichol's volume fulfils neither of these conditions. Unless it were that a volume on Carlyle was thought to be indispensable to Mr. Morley's English Men of Letters series, there was no *raison d'être* for this one, at least as it has been written by Professor Nichol. For his facts he has made use almost exclusively of the multifarious contents of Mr. Froude's biography and of Carlyle's Reminiscences. He has neglected to glean from the great mass of Carlyleana which have been given to the world during the last decade. Mr. Froude's volumes show us Carlyle chiefly as painted by himself, too often in the gloomiest colours. In such books as the biography of Lord Houghton, and still more in such articles as that on "Carlyle in Society and at Home," contributed by the late Mr. Venables to the *Fortnightly Review*, to mention only two out of many sources of information, we see Carlyle as others saw him, a most desirable complement to his own self-portraiture. There is wanted a sketch of Carlyle which would collect into one focus the widely scattered rays of light thrown on his complex personality by some of those who knew him intimately. Professor Nichol has made no attempt of the kind, and appears not even to know that the production of his volume gave him a rather enviable opportunity for making it.

Professor Nichol boasts in his "prefatory note" that with "the comparatively short space at his command" he has "endeavoured to give prominence to facts less generally known." He cannot be complimented on the success of his endeavours. Almost the only facts in his volume not generally known to readers of Mr. Froude's biography and of the Reminiscences are to be found in an account of Carlyle's forgotten candidature for the rectorship of Glasgow University, the narrative being accompanied by some worthless extracts from Scottish newspapers of the time, consisting of comments, now thoroughly obsolete, on the letter and spirit of Carlyle's teaching. With so "short a space at his command" Professor Nichol might have spared his readers the pages devoted to the details of Carlyle's itineraries during his German tours, especially as in the chapter which tells the story of Carlyle's life from 1842 to 1852 he could not find room for mention of one of the most salient incidents in Carlyle's literary career, the publication and reception of his 'Cromwell,' his first immediately conspicuous success in authorship. The Professor is not sparing of very "generally known" quotations from Carlyle's writings. In one case, indeed, he quotes only a part and not the whole of some of the most impressive passages in them or in any modern book, those in which Diogenes Teufelsdröckh describes his transition from doubt and despair to the Everlasting No and the Everlasting Yea. The Professor thus forbears, however, not because the passages have been, as he says, "everywhere quoted," but because in them, he says, Carlyle's mental condition is "set forth with a superabundant paraphernalia of eloquence easily condensed." Ordinary mortals use "paraphernalia" as a plural, not a singular noun, but like the Kaiser Sigismund of Carlyle's Frederick, an Emeritus Professor of Literature is doubtless *super grammaticam*. Professor Nichol expands as well as condenses those rapt utterances of Teufelsdröckh. He thrusts into his abridgement a most inappropriate quotation, or rather misquotation, from Goethe. "Truth I cried," Teufelsdröckh soliloquizes, "though the heavens crush me for following her!"; Professor Nichol adding: "With a grasp on this rock, Carlyle springs from the slough of despond and asserts himself":

> "Ich bin ein Mensch geboren,
> Und das muss ein Kämpfer seyn."

Goethe never wrote any such ungrammatical nonsense. In the beautiful and wise West-Oestlicher Divan, his Moslem poet, having finished that career of struggle on earth, which Carlyle was only beginning, finds himself confronted at the gates of paradise by a guardian Houri. She asks him, rather too stringently, what are his claims to admission, and he replies:

> "Nicht so vieles Federlesen!
> Lass mich immer nur herein:
> Denn ich bin ein Mensch gewesen
> Und das heisst ein Kämpfer seyn."

When an Emeritus Professor of Literature quotes Goethe unnecessarily he ought at least to quote him correctly.

Professor Nichol accompanies his biographical narrative with a good deal of sometimes rather rambling comment. Besides this, he devotes fully a third of his volume to an elaborate estimate of Carlyle under all of his chief aspects. Carlyle's transcendent merits as a literary artist he acknowledges with something like enthusiasm for once. Unlike Mr. Froude, he does not seek to palliate those faults in Carlyle which Mr. Froude himself has so liberally disclosed; on the contrary, he lays ample stress on them. At the same time he admits, as who now can fail to admit? the general nobleness of Carlyle's character, and the services which, as a great ethical teacher, he rendered to his generation. Carlyle's personality as a whole Professor Nichol has not, however, attempted to grasp and to pourtray, and in his pages there is a continual see-saw of praise and dispraise. One of the least agreeable of the Professor's peculiarities is a fondness for drawing fantastic parallels, and for far-fetched illustrations, apparently in order to display his ingenuity and parade his extensive reading. The result is often ludicrous. What, for instance, can be more absurd than to call 'Sartor Resartus' "an idyll like Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield'"? Mrs. Carlyle's diary when she complains of her husband's assiduous visits to Bath House is "like a page of 'Othello' reversed," as if there were the slightest resemblance between her jealousy and that delineated in the great drama. When Carlyle contemplates writing his history of Frederick, "the subject seizes him with the eye of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner.'" Luther, Burns, and Carlyle are joined together as "vehement in their abuse of things they did not like. Their abuse," according to Professor Nichol, "might seem reckless, if not sometimes coarse, if it were not redeemed, as the rogueries of Falstaff (!) are, by strains of humour." To compare to "Falstaff's rogueries" Luther's protests against the Pope and the abuses of the Church of Rome, or Carlyle's denunciations of shams and quacks—the conjunction with them of Burns is simply absurd—was reserved for Professor Nichol. It is not easy to understand how "strains of humour" could prevent "abuse" from seeming "reckless."

The volume swarms with inaccuracies, from errors of the press to others of a graver kind. Among the former is the disguise of Carlyle's favourite "gigmen" as "jig-men," while that familiar garment of antique legend, the shirt of Nessus, figures as a "Nemesis shirt," Carlyle's "life-long groaning under" which is still painfully audible to the Professor. Carlyle when speaking in his own person talked English, not Scotch, and he said, "Eh, it's a sad sight," not "a sair sicht," in the hackneyed anecdote of his ejaculation when Leigh Hunt one night pointed to the starry skies as singing a song of hope to man. "Genius," the Professor says, "has been absurdly defined as an infinite capacity for taking trouble." The definition, though Professor Nichol does not seem to be aware of it, is Carlyle's own, but he carefully added, "to begin with." Jean Paul Richter did not say that "Luther's words were like blows," but that they were "half-battles," which is much more effective and picturesque. Nor was it Sydney Smith, but Boileau, who asserted that "the only unpermissible style is the tiresome" (*le genre ennuyeux*). Professor Nichol is a Scotchman, yet, strange to say, some of the most egregious of the deliberate blunders committed throughout the volume are in a description of Edinburgh during Carlyle's student-life there. "The Scotch capital," Professor Nichol gravely informs his readers, "was still a literary centre of some original brilliancy, in the light of the circle of Scott, in the early fame of Cockburn (!) and Clark (*sic*), Lord Eldin (!) of the *Quarterly* (!) and *Edinburgh Reviews*, and of the elder

* 'Thomas Carlyle.' By John Nichol, LL.D., M.A., Balliol, Oxon., Emeritus Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. (English Men of Letters, edited by John Morley.) London: Macmillan and Co. 1892.

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Alison!" Clark may be merely a misprint for Clerk, but Professor Nichol has somehow, it is evident, confounded the Scottish squire, John Clerk of Eldin, who was never a peer or even a "paper-Lord," with the famous Tory Chancellor, Lord Eldon. Clerk wrote an essay on naval tactics, and claimed to have originated the naval manœuvre of breaking the line. That being his only achievement in authorship, it is inconceivable that he added to what the Professor oddly calls the "original brilliancy" of Edinburgh. It is still more inconceivable how that brilliancy could have been aided by the *Quarterly Review*, which was published in London, was edited at that time by an Englishman, and among the contributors of any note to which Scott was the only denizen of Edinburgh. Cockburn was then a young advocate, quite undistinguished in literature. At the time of which the Professor writes, John Wilson had at least published the 'Isle of Palms,' and as its author was pointed out in the streets of Edinburgh to the young Carlyle. He would have been much better worth a mention than "the elder Alison," whose Essay on Taste was soon forgotten. Professor Nichol makes it rather a reproach to Carlyle that his knowledge of science was limited. It is a pity that the Professor's own scientific knowledge is not a little, a very little greater. He might thus have been saved the perpetration of one of the gravest and most ludicrous, because most pretentious, blunders in his book. Bad taste and a pitiable ignorance of elementary science are alike conspicuous in the Professor's comment on the very simple fact that the Carlyles, though they had their occasional disagreements at home, kept up an affectionate correspondence when they were away from each other visiting their friends. "Their attraction" he says, "increased, contrary to Kepler's law (!), in the direct ratio of the square of the distance, and when it stretched beyond the stars the long-latent love of the survivor became a worship." To confound John Clerk of Eldin with Lord Eldon was a trivial blunder compared with this of ranging among Kepler's memorable laws one of the most familiar of Newton's. Unless Mr. John Morley's editorship of the English Men of Letters series be purely nominal, it is singular that he did not correct in proof this and numerous other blunders, of which only a few have been here noted. The publishers of a volume thus written and thus edited deserve the sympathy of its readers and its critics.

ETA.

A NEW POET.

The majority of books of verse impress the reader with the conviction that the feeling and thoughts they contain have been invented for the sake of the poems. It is rare to come across a book where the poems have all been written obviously for the sake of the feelings and thoughts, where the verses seem to come out of a great depth of emotion which exists for itself alone, where every beautiful image and simile is but, as it were, the embroidered hem of the garment of reverie which wraps its author's life about. When we do meet with such books we make them our continual companions, and admit them into the secret fellowship of the soul. Such a book is Mr. Edwin Ellis' 'Fate in Arcadia.' Exquisite as the verse constantly is, it is almost impossible to criticise it as verse alone, "for he who touches this book touches a man," as Whitman puts it, and one is tempted to write rather of the beliefs and fancies and moods that are in it as one would of the spoken words of some deep thinking and much experienced person. Most books of poetry are collections of isolated poems which gain little from each other, but here every verse seems the deeper because of the all-pervading personality of the writer. The very defects of the book, its occasional obscurity, and the careless way in which the stanzas are built every now and then, come from excess, and not, as is commonly the case, from lack of personality—everything is vitalised, though often vitalised awry. In drawing attention to such a book for the first time, however, it is the duty of the reviewer to praise its excellences, and leave the discussion of its defects to those coming years whose more deliberate judgment it is destined to challenge.

The name-poem, an Arcadian drama of about thirty pages, though full of beautiful things, is not, I think, so good as several of the lyrics, notably, "The Hermit Answered," "The Maid Well Loved," "The Maid's Confession," "Thrice Lost," "Outcast," and that strange poem, perhaps the most powerful in the book, "Himself." "Himself" is the lament of the selfhood of Christ, the outcry of that portion of humanity which is perpetually sacrificed for great causes and great faiths. The poet comes to Golgotha, and sees there a phantom Christ upon a phantom cross, and listens to the terrible cry, "Eli, Eli, thou hast forsaken me." Thus the phantom complains in the night:—

"'Where is the life I might have known
If God had never lit on me?
I might have loved one heart alone,
A woman white as chastity.

I might have hated devils, and fled
Whene'er they came. I might have turned
From sinners, and I might have led
A life where no sin-knowledge burned.

But between voice and voice I chose,
Of these two selves, and clave to this—
Who left me here, where no man knows,
And fled to dwell with light in bliss.

Oh, you who still have voice and deed,
Call Eli! Eli call, my soul;
But if He comes to thee and plead
That thou shalt let him have the whole

Of all thy will and life, and be
Christ come again by flesh of thine;
Thou, too, shalt know what came to me
Then, when I bound my selfhood fine,

And called it Satan for His sake,
And lived, and saved the world, and died
Only for Him, my Light, to make
His joy, who floated from my side,

And left me here with wound of spears,
A cast-off ghostly shade, to rave
And haunt the place for endless years,
Crying, "Himself He cannot save."'

So spake the ghost of Joseph's son,
Haunting the place where Christ was slain:
I pray that e'er this world be done,
Christ may relieve his piteous pain."

Is not this poem one of those startling imaginations which illuminate thought and emotion with their strange light, and which, when once known, can never be forgotten? I find something of the same curious depth of feeling in the little lyric called "Outcast"—

"When God, the ever-living, makes
His home in deathly winter frost,
And God, the ever-loving, wakes
In hardening eyes of women lost,
Then through the midnight moves a wraith:
Open the door, for this is Faith.

Open the door, and bring her in,
And stir thy heart's poor fires that shrink.
Ah, fear to see her pale and thin,
Give love and dreams to eat and drink;
For Faith may faint in wandering by—
In that day thou shalt surely die."

The lyrics on lighter themes and in lighter manner are a great contrast to those I have just quoted. Could anything be prettier and brighter than the following poem, called "Thrice Lost"?—

"First his parents said they lost him,
No one knew where to accost him,
Though his loss had made no showing,
He was there, and yet no knowing
Where he was—he was but growing.
Yet his parents said they lost him
And the secret to accost him.

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Then his friends found out they missed him
It was since a maid had kissed him,
And with no great outward seeming
He went through the world of dreaming,
And this loss had no redeeming.
No one knew the maid had kissed him;
Quite in vain they said they missed him.

Now the world of busy men
Cannot find him once again,
While he seeks in vain to nerve them
To high duty, and to serve them.
He can make, not break, nor curve them;
For, outgrowing busy men,
Like a child, he's lost again."

I have quoted enough from this book to prove its varied power and its constant possession of that greater beauty which, according to the Elizabethan, cannot be without strangeness. He who buys it will have obtained a wise comrade and an ever-fascinating friend. W. B. YEATS.

MOTHER GOOSE.*

This is 'Mother Goose' for the library, but its contents, from p. 46 onwards, will be welcomed in another quarter with a warmth which antiquarian and literary interest cannot call up. Yet the editor thinks the ideal nursery edition has still to be prepared; he would make omissions, not always warrantable, it seems to us, but he would have no further tampering with the text. He hopes that "future generations of babies will be carefully soothed only by such verses as have been duly approved by their predecessors, and handed down, not simply by oral transmission, but by the safeguard of an immaculate text." The introduction is equally solemn throughout. The text and literary history of the melody have engaged Mr. Whitmore's minutest attention, and if, from living on the other side of the Atlantic, he has had to be content with second-hand English bibliographical information, he has done the best he could under the circumstances. The most attractive part of the book is the fac-simile of Isaiah Thomas's edition—old woodcuts and all—which included, besides 'Little Tom Tucker,' 'See-saw sacaradown,' and the like, nothing less than the Lullabies of "that sweet Songster and Nurse of Wit and Humor, Master William Shakespeare"—'Where the Bee Sucks,' 'When Daisies pied,' 'The Poor Soul sat sighing,' and several others. It is a subject of old dispute who added the foot-notes and maxims, "historical, philosophical, and critical," to the nursery rhymes. It has been suggested, and let us by all means believe it since there is no proof to the contrary, that it was Goldsmith. At all events he was Newbery's hack about that time, and Thomas's edition was mainly reprinted from Newbery's. Goldsmith in some of his moods was capable of perpetrating these reflections, which, when they do not descend to the merest morality, remind us of nothing so much as the remarks in the autograph albums at places of popular interest and resort. It is difficult to gather whether the Shakesperian 'Lullabies' were in Newbery's edition, and to whose decency of taste it is due that they were not annotated. Indeed, the criticism we have to offer is that there are so many statistics and confirmatory facts scattered about in neat but small American type, that it is really hard work to find out the several contents and features of the various editions that are compared.

Except for bibliographers, next in interest after the fac-simile, is the editor's refutation of the Great Boston Myth. This refutation must have endangered Mr. Whitmore's popularity in his own country. The disclosure is by no means only interesting to Americans. Scientifically and historically it is most light-giving. Mother Goose's ancestry in 'Mere L'Oye'—a good British blunder signalling her change of name—was seriously disputed. It appears that early in last century there settled in Boston an English printer called Thomas Fleet, a man of enterprise, who married a daughter of the "wealthy family of Goose." The wedding ceremony was performed, it may be said in passing, by the Rev. Cotton Mather. "In due time," says a writer in the *Boston Transcript*, "their family was increased by the birth of a son and heir. Mother Goose, like all good grandmothers, was in ecstasies at the event; her joy was unbounded; she spent her whole time in the nursery, and in wandering about the house, pouring forth, in the most melodious strains, the songs and ditties which she had learned in her younger days, greatly to the annoyance of the whole neighbourhood—to Fleet in particular, who was a man fond of quiet. It was in vain he exhausted his shafts of wit and ridicule, and every expedient he could devise; it was of no use—the old lady was not thus to be put down; so, like others similarly situated, he was obliged to submit. His shrewdness, however, did not forsake him; from this seeming evil he contrived to educe some good; he conceived the idea of collecting the songs and ditties as they came from his mother, and such as he could gather from other sources, and publishing them for the benefit of the world—not forgetting himself. This he did—and thus 'Mother Goose's Melodies' were brought forth. The adoption of this title was in derision of his good mother-in-law, and was perfectly characteristic of the man, as he was never known to spare his nearest friends in his raillery." The evidence in support of this clumsy story is that some one said that somebody else had seen a broadside of Fleet's version, but the most patient investigation has not brought a copy to light, and so the honour rests with Newbery. One patriotic Bostonian unwilling to believe this, points to the existence of a caudle spoon belonging to the American Mother Goose, marked with her initials. But no one threw doubt on the existence of the old lady; may she rest in peace after plaguing her son-in-law with her nursery ditties! Only, the "wealthy family of Goose" must rest their claim to immortality on some of their other merits. G-Y.

* The Original Mother Goose's Melody, as issued by John Newbery, of London, *circa* 1760; Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Mass., *circa* 1785; and Munroe and Francis, of Boston, *circa* 1825. Reprinted in fac-simile from the first Worcester edition, with Introductory Notes by William H. Whitmore. To which are added the Fairy Tales of Mother Goose, first collected by Perrault in 1696, reprinted from the original translation into English by R. Samber in 1729. (Damrell and Upham, Boston, U.S.A., and Griffith, Farran and Co.) 6s.

MODERN GREEK.*

The 'Neohellenica' of Prof. Constantinides and Major-Gen. Rogers is worthy of all praise as a work which amply fulfils its purpose. No better introduction to modern Greek exists. It is not a grammar. It is not a mere phrase-book. It is what it purports to be—an introduction in the form of dialogues. These dialogues are most skilfully managed, and differ widely from the familiar "Have you any pens?" "No, but the niece of my uncle's female gardener has some ink," so breezily satirized by Mr. Jerome. Our authors introduce two characters, one of whom—"Mr. Androcles"—plays the *rôle* of the modern Greek, while "Mr. Wilson" sustains the part of Professor of Greek at Cambridge. These two travel together from London to Athens, and their intercourse is a judicious mixture of railway and hotel talk, conversation about the great writers of modern Greece, and the reading of extracts from their works. For Mr. Androcles seems, like Dr. Parr, to carry all Greek literature in his pockets. Each page of the book has a column of Greek and a column of translation; and, disregarding the one column or the other, a reader may use the volume as an introductory sketch of the rise of modern Greek.

The appearance of this book stirs the question—What is the use of learning modern Greek? or, more particularly, Is the knowledge of modern Greek an appreciable help in the study of classical Greek? Professor Jebb tells us that it has been the unique destiny of the Greek language to have had, from prehistoric times down to our own, an unbroken life. But in much the same sense it might be said that Latin has had an unbroken life down to our own times. The dialects of modern Greece, the popular speech and the popular songs and writings, are no more intelligible to the classical scholar than Italian or Spanish is to anyone familiar with Latin. There is a falsetto classical Greek upheld by a party of scholars in modern Greece, and where

* 'Neohellenica': an Introduction to Modern Greek in the form of Dialogues, containing specimens of the language from the third cent. B.C. to the present day. By Professor Michael Constantinides and Major-Gen. H. T. Rogers, R.E. (Macmillan and Co.)

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this is met with it can be as easily understood as Plutarch or Strabo. But this is not the speech of the people, and it is not understood by the people. Homer has been translated into modern Greek just as Shakespere has, and even the Greek Testament has its modern Greek version. Many of the foremost living scholars in Greece, such as Psycharis, Polylas, and Pallis, are strongly in favour of maintaining the popular tongue, and oppose the resuscitation of the classical Greek even for literary purposes. Anyone who looks through Mrs. Gardner's adaptation of Carl Wied's 'Modern Greek Grammar' will see how justified she is in saying that a scholar may be able to read the artificial language cultivated in many books and newspapers and yet find himself quite unable to communicate "with shopkeepers and servants, muleteers, boatmen, and peasants." The language differs from the classical Greek in most of the words used, in its inflexions and construction, in its pronunciation. No doubt a man may acquire facility in reading Greek by living in Athens and associating with those who cultivate an artificial purity of style; but this is not to learn modern Greek, but only to learn a particular form of ancient Greek by a method not usually adopted. Besides, it may be feared that the divergence in accidence and syntax even of this artificial Greek from the ancient may tend rather to confuse than to assist. It was to native Greeks that Europe at the Renaissance owed its knowledge of the ancient language and literature, but probably many of these had, like Casaubon's teacher, Franciscus Portus, forgotten their Romaic and retained only the classical language. But as the relation of the modern to the ancient tongue is the burning literary question of to-day in Greece, we may allow it to be settled by those whose interest in it is more immediate than ours.

MARCUS DODS.

"NOETRY" AND POETRY.

A friend of mine is accustomed to say that there is poetry and there is prose, and a something which, though often most interesting, and even moving, is yet neither one nor the other. To this he applies the curious term "noetry"; a word ingenious persons derive from the Greek word *nous*, and consider descriptive of verse which, though full of intellectual faculty, is lacking in imaginative impulse. I do not know my friend's own derivation of his word, but find "noetry," whatever its derivation be, a term of most constant utility. Mr. Savage Armstrong has published nine volumes, of which seven are "noetry" pure and simple, and the remainder a compound of "noetry" and authentic poetry itself, and these nine volumes he has just gathered into "a collected edition" (Longman and Co.). There are first his early verses, "Poems Lyrical and Dramatic," which are rhetoric and nothing better; and then there are "Ugone" in one, and the "Tragedy of Israel" in three volumes, and of these plays be it said that they are of the kind that neither gods nor men nor booksellers can tolerate; and after these come "The Garland of Greece" and "Stories of Wicklow," two very readable and pleasant works, especially in their blank verse parts, and "Mephistopheles in Broadcloth," a rather crude satire; and last of all, "One in the Infinite," a work more or less religious, in not very musical lyric stanzas.

When one has flung by the board the seven volumes of "noetry," one finds that after all there does remain in the Greek and Irish poems a very fairly bulky collection of more or less interesting verse — all the more interesting because Mr. Armstrong takes the world and his own mission very seriously. The trifler is too much with us, and it is a pleasure to find a poet who is best when writing of the most weighty themes and in the most lofty metrical forms. In an age of lyrical poets, it is good, by way of change, to meet with one who is most at home in the full dress of blank verse, and evidently uncomfortable in the *deshabille* of lighter measures. "The Oracle" in the Greek book and "Lugnaquilia" in the Wicklow book, are typical of his power over great themes and great metres. In the first, three old priests of Apollo lament together the decay of the old faith and the coming in of the new, and in the second a circle of Irish students, who have climbed to the top of Lugnaquila to see the sunrise, discourse of faith and immortality in cadences not wholly unworthy of the beauty of the scene and of the solemn hour. One talks of doubt, and one of earth and its pleasures in which he finds sufficient joy without seeking a life beyond. A third bursts forth in lofty affirmation of immortality:

> "And if you ask me what the vision is
> That lures my heart I answer, 'Tis a dream
> Of life unending and invulnerable;
> A life of tranquil joy; communion close
> With Godlike spirits in untroubled love;
> Glad operance in the labours infinite
> Of the dread Mind that shapes the infinite worlds;
> Of ever-widening knowledge of the cause,
> And birth and growth of the innumerable,
> Immeasurable products of that Mind;
> A life of motion and of rapturous toil
> That fevers not nor strains; of ministering help
> In angel-errands on from orb to orb;
> Of painless conflict with the powers confused
> Of Chaos and of Darkness; and the shaping
> Of Light, of Beauty, Order, Peace and Law."

We have here Mr. Armstrong at his best, and it is a best more than once reached in other parts of the volume. The whole book is full of Wicklow scenes and Wicklow memories, and may well prove a companionable friend to many a Wicklow scholar, and stand on his shelves side by side with the local history, and commemorate for a generation or two Mr. Armstrong's name and keep him a king among his own people. Some may even grow curious enough to turn over the pages of the Greek book, and they shall have their reward. As for the other volumes—well, time takes heavy toll from the best, and for "noetry" in all its shapes and fashions, has neither mercy nor tolerance.

W. B. YEATS.

PUBLIC FINANCE.*

Sir Robert Peel once said, in advocating a simplification of the public accounts, "These matters are, I take it, much more simple than they appear to be on the face of the ordinary official statements of them." There is not the slightest difference, he declared, between the expenditure of a humble individual and that of a rich and powerful country. Of course this is a parliamentary exaggeration. Professor Bastable begins his survey by pointing out several differences between public and private finance, which even if they are differences of degree rather than of kind are none the less real. The very magnitude of the national budget, and the innumerable problems to which its magnitude gives rise, make it vain to think of the raising and spending of public money as a simple matter. But Sir Robert Peel exaggerated on the right side. The leading principles of sound finance are now fairly well settled, and can be grasped by any one who will take only a little pains; while there is no doubt that the financial system of a country will grow sounder and simpler as the number increases of those who observe and criticise it with intelligence. "The real enemy of sound finance," says our author, "is ignorance whenever it attains to power"; the real enemy is rather ignorance and indifference all round. In saying this, one speaks as a taxpayer. But the subject has a rich and varied interest for the most uncitizenlike of students. Whoever writes the history of human error will be able to show, with a variety of illustration drawn from every part of the world, that bad finance has more than once disorganised nations and permanently altered social habits. We lost America over it. It is prominent among the causes of the French revolution. Half of our difficulties in Ireland have been due to it. There is no greater dividing force at the present day between nations than the prevalence of the protectionist heresy. To take a slighter but not less striking instance, it was the excise as much as the climate that turned Scotland from an ale-drinking into a whisky-drinking country.

Professor Bastable's book offers a better introduction to the subject than any other English work. Indeed, as he truly says, there is no recent English work at all which covers the whole field. With the exception of the currency (and in the restricted sense in which he uses the term

* 'Public Finance.' By C. F. Bastable, LL.D. (Macmillan.)

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"finance" this is not an exception at all) he discusses every topic which can fairly be said to belong to public finance—expenditure, treated both generally and with regard to its chief objects (such as defence, justice, education); the revenues of the state derived from other sources than taxation; the principles of taxation; the several kinds of taxes; and financial administration. Each title is dealt with both historically and theoretically, and with reference to the experience of foreign countries as well as of England. On unsettled questions, with which the subject bristles, the opposing theories are stated with sufficient fulness to enable the reader, if not to come to a confident decision, at any rate to appreciate the points at issue. A work of this kind offers plenty of scope for criticism, for it raises questions (such as the incidence of taxation) on which doctors will differ to the end of time, and which by their very nature do not admit of any conclusive answer. But THE BOOKMAN is not the place for financial argument, or for any other than a general opinion on the work. Professor Bastable says that his aim has been to go over the whole field of public finance and present the results in a systematic form, "so that a student may at least obtain a general knowledge of the leading facts and present position of this branch of political science." In this he has entirely succeeded. He has taken immense pains to make his survey not only comprehensive but thorough, and so far as we have tested them we have found his facts and figures accurate. Where the book is least satisfactory, namely in the chapters on expenditure, the author is hardly to blame for the shortcomings. Such matters as education and poor-relief undoubtedly fall within the scope of his treatise, but to discuss them purely in their financial aspects is nearly impossible, and the attempt leads to no very profitable results. In other respects Professor Bastable has done his work excellently. Not only because it fills a vacant place, but on its own merits we can commend his book without reserve to those who seek guidance in the understanding of financial questions. Unfortunately it has no index, a defect for which it is difficult to find any excuse.

G. P. M.

ACHILLES IN SCYROS.*

Mr. Bridges' poetry is not so well known to ordinary readers that the importance of a new edition can be overlooked. This reprint should bring him a good many new friends. The theme of the poem was a happy choice for Mr. Bridges' muse, giving occasion for a fine contrast between the stirring, bustling world and the quiet life of which he is so persuasive an advocate.

The goddess Thetis had been doomed "to bear and love a son in humankind." To him "was ruled one of two things, and neither good; the better a long and easy life, the worse a death untimely glorious." In terror of the latter fate, she sends the boy Achilles to Scyros, where, in the guise of a girl, and under the name of Pyrrha, he becomes the playmate of Deidamia, daughter of King Lycomedes. He takes kindly enough to the life there, his youth and beauty making his part an easy one to play. Meanwhile Ulysses comes in search of him, since the Greek cause may not prosper till led by Thetis' son. Lycomedes denies his presence on the island, but the crafty Ulysses, disguised as a pedlar showing off his wares to the troop of girls, watches slyly the indifference to all the trinkets and the delight in a curious sword shown by the golden-haired Pyrrha; and the boy is easily entrapped. The discovery is followed by Achilles' betrothal and marriage to Deidamia, who, not without demur, forgets his disguise; and the little drama ends in the promise of the young hero to follow Ulysses to Aulis. Action there is not much of, but there is a good deal of dramatic power in the conception of the various characters. It is Ulysses the cunning, "full of self-love and mortal guile," who figures, and very unpleasantly does he fulfil his mission to the island. Deidamia is the most spirited, freshest, and daintiest of princesses. She dreams of ruling over a tribe of Amazons one day: "Apart from man, they will do all things he doth better than he"—if only Pyrrha will be her general. Pyrrha sees more difficulties in the way than she can explain. Lycomedes is a sage rather than a warrior. His views on war strike us as rather modern, and Mr. Bridges has found it convenient to put into his mouth his praise of a peaceful life.

> "Away from camps and cities, and the mart
> Of men, where fame, as it is called, is won,
> By strife, ambition, competition, fashion,
> Ay, and the prattle of wit, the deadliest foe
> To sober holiness, which, as I think,
> Loves quiet homes, where nature laps us round
> With musical silence and the happy sights
> That never fret; and day by day the spirit
> Pastures in liberty, with a wide range
> Of peaceful meditation, undisturbed."

And yet Lycomedes' heart is not dead to the world. He knows the fire and zeal that spread from man to man through great multitudes, and says,

> "Where man is met
> The gods will come."

Mr. Bridges' blank verse is dignified and full-sounding, but some of his lyrical metres do not fit in very well with English speech, and occasionally have the look of half-finished translations. We except the beautiful song "The earth loveth the spring." It has none of the chill which the modern classical poem usually dies of. There is warmth in it and human interest, and one or two passages—notably the one that pictures Deidamia playing with her maidens—have a fresh grace and beauty to which a few quoted lines would hardly do justice.

* 'Achilles in Scyros.' By Robert Bridges. 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell and Sons.)

THE FAITH AND LIFE OF THE EARLY CHURCH.*

Very different accounts are still given us of the history of the Primitive Church, not only because men regard it from different points of view and seek its support for very different theories of Church order, but also because the data are few. Without exaggeration it has been said that during the latter part of the first century and the early years of the second, the Church passes through a tunnel. And what is worse, the train that entered the tunnel with passengers marked off perhaps as first and third class, yet willing to travel together, emerges from it with passengers all of one denomination and some luckless wights clinging to the footboards. It is the task of the historian to gather from these facts what has taken place in the tunnel. The problem is stated by Mr. Slater thus: "Whereas, in the first years of the Church, it was unlawful for a Christian to neglect the observances of the Jewish law, at the beginning of the second century no one could be a Catholic Christian who practised them." This is the problem which seems so formidable to Mr. Huxley that he professes himself quite unable to determine who were the true Christians and what Christianity really is. And the problem is sufficiently complicated to have taxed and tested critics so learned and acute as Baur and Harnack, Lightfoot and Salmon. Mr. Slater's solution, that Catholic Christianity was the result not of an amalgamation or reconciliation of contending parties, but of the triumph of Gentile Christianity, is expounded and defended in the present volume. "The composite unity," he thinks, "scarcely survived St. Paul." Mr. Slater's criticism of the theories of Weizsäcker and Pfleiderer is incisive and helpful, and there is much in his book which must enter into all future discussion of this important period. Plain and unpretending in style, and here and there not entirely satisfactory, Mr. Slater's volume fills a serious gap in English literature, and supplies us with a thoroughly modern, critical, and adequate introduction to Church history. It is indispensable to students of the origins of Christianity.

* 'The Faith and Life of the Early Church.' An Introduction to Church History. By W. F. Slater, M.A., Wesleyan Coll., Didsbury. Hodder and Stoughton.)

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THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE DIARY OF A READER.

Notes on some Novels of the Month:—Mrs. Clifford, Aunt Anne (Bentley)—Richard Dowling, A Baffled Quest (Ward and Downey)—Alan St. Aubyn, An Old Maid's Sweetheart (Chatto and Windus)—Björnson, The Heritage of the Kurts (Heinemann)—R. Buchanan, Come, Live with Me and Be My Love (Heinemann)—B. P. Neumann, The Interpreter's House (Unwin)—The Herb of Love (Unwin), etc.

August 8th.—Good fortune sent me amusement for a whole day in the shape of Mrs. Clifford's 'Aunt Anne.' I'll recommend it to everyone whom I even suspect of having a sense of humour and a genuine love of human nature. Somehow it seems inappropriate to say "it," for it is not the book but the old lady I want to make friends for. The story may possibly have an unpleasant side, and it is certainly spoiled by the introduction of a monstrosity, Mr. Wimple. His incapacity and his cough are the only human things about him. But Aunt Anne herself is never spoiled, even if you give her unhappy infatuation over to the region of the impossible, too. She is the most real and the most charming character that has, I think, appeared in any story I have read for a long while. Perhaps she is not altogether a stranger. I have met near relatives of hers before. They were Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, both of whom were her cousins. But Aunt Anne was framed to grace even higher spheres; she has a grander air, and whether she is claiming kinship and asserting its rights to the gouty ex-Lord Mayor, or calmly taking the reins of nursery government in the Hibberts' respectable household into her hands, whether she is starving heroically, or spending lavishly with her own or someone else's money, she is always magnificent. The other characters might be somebodies elsewhere, but they dwindle to insignificance before the splendid self-confidence, the heroism, and the vocabulary of Aunt Anne. Mrs. Clifford has achieved a triumph.

Ordinary novels pale before the one in which she reigns. 'In Spite of Herself,' by Leslie Keith, is written with far more than average ability, but it makes too many demands on the amount of interest a reader can reasonably take in the not very remarkable fortunes of a not very remarkable family. Yet there is a good deal of humour in the description of this large and impecunious family which, with all its tameness, has some incongruous elements in it. There is no plot to speak of. The chief interest centres round the plain and clever daughter Decima, who is betrothed to a still more impecunious Scot, an ex-laird and an emigrant to Australia. Decima waits till he shall make a fortune, devoting herself in the meanwhile to her relatives, and finding the fortune is long in coming, goes out to help in the making of it. It is a story with much common-sense if little fascination about it. But its name is a mystery.

August 12th.—The library assistants are beginning to don that bewildered air which is always theirs about this season, when you ask them what people are reading and what there is new. The truth is there is little new, and they don't know what people are reading. Demands are not made on them, but on seaside booksellers and railway bookstalls. And so they hand you 'The Wrecker' and the novels of February. But I managed to bear away a thoroughly readable sensational story, and have read it from cover to cover at a sitting—'A Baffled Quest,' by Richard Dowling. It is of the detective order of fiction, but the most interesting detectives in the story are not professional ones. Not until near the end of the book do you guess the key to the whole mystery, and that means success. Sir Andrew Brinfield is a shameless old baronet, who plays the most hideous practical joke on the world that was ever conceived, and brings grief on his amiable lady, and his two daughters, who at different times are described as "poems." But you are apt to forget their affliction for the sake of giving your whole attention to the incidents, to the searches, repeated and most various, which the practical joke gives rise to. There is skill of an unusual kind in the way the author makes you believe that each fresh hypothesis of the crime is the right one; (1) that the villainous fisherman, Ware, is the man who stole the baronet's body; (2) that Ware was forestalled by two equally villainous friends who hid the body in the Yellow Swamp—what a fine name for the scene of an ugly burial!—(3) that no human hands stole the body, but a leopard; (4) that nothing can be made of the mystery at all, and that the dead body will never be found—which is the right one, seeing that it was not dead, was never stolen, but being alive, ran away. There is a search, too, for a missing will to increase the excitement, which rises to a high pitch at times, and quietly dies down in the last chapter when the baronet, reformed from practical joking and from unsociability, gives his blessing to his two "poems" of daughters at a wedding feast.

Sensation again, and of a good old-fashioned melodramatic kind, in 'An Evil Reputation,' by Dora Russell. It is a house on the north-east coast of Northumberland that has the evil reputation, and with good reason. Very strange things happened there, especially during the tenancy of Mr. Brooke. There are few crimes which Brooke is not guilty of at one time or another, from attempt to murder and coining, to bigamy. And there are few awkward situations which his wife, Isabel Brooke, does not find herself in, from running a narrow escape of assassination to finding herself taken down to dinner by her late husband and would-be murderer. There are too many tragic misfortunes crowded into her life for you to feel full sympathy with each one. Every moment is taken up with fresh developments of melodrama. Everything is done for you; your imagination may fall asleep. But it is done very well, too, and many better books don't tell their story with half so much point and vigour.

Enough sensation for a week. 'A Modern Bridegroom,' by Mrs. A. Fraser, is not sensational: it is dull. Its scene is laid among the scandals of high life, and there is nothing at all amusing in them. The heroine marries very foolishly, and gets her eyes opened rather widely to the iniquity of the world by an ogre with a handsome face and the fine-sounding name of Sir Lyulph Vansittart. It seems a somewhat foolish story, but the writer might be pleased to know that wisdom has evidently been found in it. It is still a new book, yet several passages in the library copy have been underlined doubly with evidences of intense feeling.

The wickedness of human nature, on the evidence of the Circulating Library, may leave one unconvinced. About its weakness there can be no manner of doubt. And 'An Old Maid's Sweetheart,' by Alan St. Aubyn, is a tale of weakness and the relentlessness of years. With the exception of the ending, which, however inevitable, we resent for the "Old Maid's" sake, and some unnecessary vagueness about the whereabouts of Cynthia during her flight from home, the story is excellently told. There is a healthy odour of the country about it, of gardens and fresh air. Letitia, the old maid, is boldly handled. During the twenty years she has been waiting for her lover, dowdiness has settled down on her, and has even eaten into her mind, blunting her perceptions, and dulling her faculties. It has never reached her heart and soul. Basil, the staid lover of twenty years' standing, is faithful to his old love only till he sees the younger, fairer sister, who has not been turned into a dowdy spinster by years of devotion. The inevitable result follows. After much happens to make the old maid sallower, greyer, more devoted than ever, the young maid has the reward which the old one waited so long for. Only, the wedding bells of a different parish should have rung, and not those Letitia had listened to while her lover was away, and she was tending the little sister that supplanted her.

August 17th.—Two novels of heredity, both, therefore, somewhat dis-spiriting. 'A Penitent Soul,' anonymous, and the other a translation by C. Fairfax of Björnson's 'Heritage of the Kurts,' introduced to English readers in a preface by Mr. Gosse. Björnson's is a novel of genius. It must be so, else it would not keep one's interest to the very end in spite of all it offers in the way of a disagreeable subject, and in spite of the ludicrousness of a great part of the story. Ibsen's 'Ghosts' gives a short, sharp dose of what is set out here more mildly, but much more lengthily. Extracts from an old document throw light on the history of the Kurt family. For generations they were rich, insolent, cruel, and sensual. Their home was the scene of bestial orgies, and yet their will was law to the neighbourhood. Gradually they sink into poverty and obscurity, and it is with some members of the family after its glory has departed that the story deals. The heritage left to the younger generation was a highly nervous excitability, verging on madness, with the possibility of the old sins peeping out in one or other of them every now and again. In John Kurt the old strain

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was strong. His wife, a bright, vigorous woman, will not bear his name after his death, and she and young Tomas are henceforth known as Rendalen. Tomas, the centre of the story, has not escaped the heritage, though his mother seeks to kill the Kurt in him as far as possible. After one of his boyish fits of violence the story of his father's life is told him. It haunts him ever after, and we are given to believe partly works his salvation. Meanwhile, in the practical head of Fru Rendalen is born a project, to found a school for girls, which will fit them for life at all points, and which will best counteract in the town and neighbourhood the tendencies summed up in the "Kurt heritage." Tomas, who has been trained to take his part in this as his mission in life, does so with the earnestness, the capricious zeal, and the indiscretion which are characteristic of him. Struggling with the heritage within him he is a pathetic figure from which, however, the reader's eyes are too often called away, for a great part of the book is taken up with descriptions of the school, its theories of education, and the characters of the elder pupils. These over-excited young persons form themselves into a league for the coercion of every one into the ways of virtue. The coercion takes violent and sensational form sometimes, as when an unsuitable marriage is broken off forcibly at the altar by emissaries from the school. This would seem to be the crowning success of the seminary, founded to eradicate the evil seeds sown by the Kurts. How is one to take it?—as a warning to ill-advised reformers, or as a sign of the triumph of progress and virtue? There ought to be an explosion in educational circles at the appearance of the book in English, but it is holiday time with the pedagogues, and they may overlook it. But, putting aside the theoretical and hysterical part, which had best be dealt with in a pamphlet, the book contains a remarkable study of character development. In the other story of heredity, 'A Penitent Soul,' there is little or no effort made to combat the evil heritage. In this case the family is allowed to die out—which is, perhaps, the best solution of the matter.

There are no such problems in Mr. Buchanan's 'Come, Live with Me and Be My Love,' though, by-the-by, heredity can't be left out of account even here, as the story is descended from a French play, "La Fermière," which Mr. Buchanan dramatised as Squire Kate. Love-making and haymaking are its themes. It claims the merit of "extreme simplicity," both of subject and treatment. The greatest simplicity exhibited in it is that of Jasper the Shepherd, a herb-doctor, who, believing an obviously shaky story, provided belladonna for the destruction of a human being, unless the old villain who administered the poison to Bridget in the openest fashion does not rival him as a simpleton. Catherine, the farmer, is a kind of ungraceful Bathsheba, who behaves in such an extraordinary fashion, in spite of her responsibilities in life, that when, in the last chapter, she is restored to her right mind and marries her steady-going bailiff, I felt quite set at rest. There are pretty, rustic rhapsodies, and pretty, poetical chapter-headings scattered about throughout this idyll, which Mr. Buchanan has done his best to make worthy of the dedication to the author of 'The Woodlanders.'

August 25th.—Here is a volume of short stories, 'The Interpreter's House,' by B. Paul Neumann, which would deserve high praise were they not tainted by the fatal vice of allegory. As stories they are mostly good; as allegories they are dark. One of the best, "The Black Sailor," is capital as a ghost story, and the *pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat-pat* of the mysterious lady set my heart beating fast. But there is evidently a moral to be extracted, and for the life of me I can't see what it is. In "The Fat Little Jew" there is no allegory, but there is a good straightforward moral, and I hope many may run and read it, and keep in their mind's eye a picture of the well-polished little Jew, who did the good-natured things without thanks, and who, when no one was looking, threw away his financial newspapers and became absorbed "in the glowing periods of the Prophet Habakkuk."

'The Herb of Love' (Pseudonym Library) is an idyll of modern Greece. But it might be the Greece of centuries ago, for the scene is laid in Eubœia, which still keeps its old-world customs, its poetical speech, its beliefs and superstitions, in spite of the contact of its sons with the life of towns when they are drafted off to serve in the army. Giannos, a young Greek peasant, inflammable and perfidious, is bewitched by the eye of a gipsy maiden. She has blue eyes for all her swarthiness. They eat of the Herb of Love, of which when man and woman eat, "an eternal love will bind the two, and neither God nor Satan will be able to part the one from the other." But Giannos goes to be a soldier, and when he returns becomes betrothed to a Greek maiden. Still the Herb of Love works. The gipsy entreats him and threatens him, and he flings her aside, and she falls over an abyss into the sea. And soon after Giannos meets his death by violence, and goes to join his blue-eyed gipsy love, and pay the reckoning for his faithlessness. The little tale is full of colour and poetry.

I wonder why 'A Highland Chronicle,' by A. Bayard Dod, was written. It is stretching a point to call it Highland at all, in spite of the clansmen and Prince Charlie that appear on the scene in passing, and as to the Chronicle, there is so little in it. A return ticket to the north-east of Scotland is stamped on the book. But if it be a tourist's novel, it is the novel of an industrious tourist, who has picked up a fair acquaintance with local names, and a wide, if very inaccurate, knowledge of dialect, and an appreciation of Scottish character imperfect but genuine so far as it goes. If only Mr. Bayard Dod had conceived a story instead of a maundering chronicle!

Mr. Stevenson's 'Footnote to History' I have looked into the middle of to find that he makes Samoan politics amusing in spite of the very serious tone of the preface, but it will keep till a season of more leisure.

LIST FOR BOOK CLUBS.

History and Biography.

Griffin's Ranjit Singh.
Markham's History of Peru.
Nichol's Carlyle.
Rees' Life and Times of Sir George Grey.
Roosevelt's Victorien Sardou.
Stevenson's Footnote to History.

Science.

Garner's The Speech of Monkeys.

Fiction.

Björnson's The Heritage of the Kurts.
A Beckett's The Member for Wrottenborough.
Clifford's Aunt Anne (2 vols.).
Dowling's A Baffled Quest.
Fletcher's Into the Unknown.
General's Daughter, The (Pseudonym Library).
Herb of Love, The (Pseudonym Library).
Pater's Marius the Epicurean (new and revised edition, in 2 vols.).
Neumann's The Interpreter's House.
New Antigone, The (new edition),
Penitent Soul, A.
St. Aubyn's An Old Maid's Sweetheart.
Stevenson's The Beach of Falesa.
A. K. Tolstoi's The Terrible Czar (2 vols.).

Poetry and the Drama.

Pinero's The Magistrate.
Shelley's Works (Aldine edition, vol 3.).
Yeats' The Countess Kathleen.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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Particulars of next Prize Competition will be found in The Bookman for August.

Abrasur.—A very hard poem to understand. Even the meaning of the last verse, the simplest one, is doubtful, owing to some peculiarity of construction in the two last lines. What is the "Cinder Tomb"?—the Earth? And what is the "rich galore" of birds? It is vain to attempt criticism of the verses.

A Daughter of Heth.—There is really not very much sense in No. 1, but you have made it hard to find. The style is obscure. And "out-uttered" is altogether unforgivable. No. 2 looks simpler, but its meaning is still far from clear, especially when the title is taken into account. As to the "face," I can't see it. "Creases" and "breezes" don't rhyme; and line 3, verse 2, doesn't scan. Stick to prose, decidedly.

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ANGELA.—Poetical. The first verse is best. A repetition of words occurs in verses 1 and 2. You might have made use of this for the metre with effect, and introduced it into verse 3 also. Verse 3, by-the-bye, is the weakest.

BEATRICE BARMBY.—Very good indeed. As far as I recollect your former verses, and taking these also into account, I think your tendency to crowd the picture with details might well be kept in check. Perhaps nothing need be omitted here, but there is a good deal to be kept in the mind at a time, and the effect of quiet and remoteness would have been shown better with fewer accessories. You write an honest kind of poetry.

BUTTERPAPER.—The written statement is perhaps a mistake. Such devices of story-tellers always have an unnatural air. It would be better if you made O. tell the story to a friend. The description of his struggle would be less effective if you were to turn the narrative into the third person. The end is distinctly good, granting that the fascination was as strong as you have described. Would not the story be much more effective if you made the spell prove its power when O. was not suffering from mental distress? As you describe the incident, there was almost sufficient motive for self-destruction without the "spell." The motive of the story is good enough to make it worth while thinking seriously the best way of telling it with effect.

CARBON.—The story is a good one. It would be very much better if you would extract the nauseous pious sentiments which are so incongruously mixed up with their sin and self-indulgence in the minds of the two sinners. The complicated circumstances towards the end are well managed.

D.M.B.—The shorter ones are all good. No. 2, however, spoils its chance by beginning in a prosy fashion. It gradually gets better and ends in two lines which really contain a strong and original thought. The beginning of No. 3 also is a little heavy in metre. Onwards from "Tender white," etc., it is better. As to No. 4, there is thought in it, and except some lines on p. 4, and your too ready use of the word "rife," there is little to criticise in its form. But it is rather dull. There is feeling in it, but it is a smouldering fire. One passage, at least, at the top of p. 3 is far from clear. It seems as if you were going through a phase of thinking or feeling which prevents the literary talents, which you no doubt possess, from making themselves so effective as they might be.

DERWENT.—A little objectless and vague. As a story it is weak, as a sketch it is blurred. You have failed somehow to carry out what you evidently intended. Phrases like the one describing the choir-boy had best only be used where they are appropriate. In spite of defects the MS. is not without promise.

ERNEST.—There is one excellent line in your poem—"I had not a word to say." It is the only one perfect both in metre and in sense. Unfortunately, you went on to say many words, and they are not coherent or metrical. You were doubtless impressed with the scene before you. It is generally dangerous to give your inward poems shape. You will never write good verse, but it is certainly worth your while, for the sake of gaining a fuller appreciation of other people's poetry, to train your ear to a more accurate sense of metre and of rhyme. Perhaps reading aloud would be as good an exercise as any.

E. T.—A very pretty story, but the motive is not quite so convincing as it should be. If you are attracted towards this kind of fiction, Miss Wilkins is your best guide. What the story chiefly wants is filling out, not in bulk, but with some humour and local touches. Such a sketch should be mainly one of character, the incidents being used merely to reveal the character. You have made Betsy's ambition a moderately real thing, but Betsy herself is wanting in reality.

GAX.—The sonnet is a very fair one. It is well put together, and if the thought in it is not very remarkable, you have made the best of it. It would be better to omit the italics in the last line. The other little poem is weaker, though the metre is very pretty. It is difficult to see the exact force of *indeed* in line 3. "I fall aghast" is not good. You understand something about the music of verse, at all events.

RAY HAMILTON.—Your allegorical poem shows some imagination, but it is a mistake to strain old stories to such an extent in order to draw modern morals from them. The form is wearisome. This is the kind of poem that has little chance of being read, even were it ever published. The subject had best be dealt with in a pamphlet or a sermon, and without allegory.

HAMLET.—Your verses have some merit. You have a sense of rhythm, and the melancholy you express is very natural at nineteen. The poem is not very original or very musical, but if you like verse-making there is no reason to leave off. It might be a good exercise to find out the various very well-known passages that have unconsciously been running in your mind when you wrote your poem, and compare your version of the thoughts. In 'The Tempest' and in a lyric of Ben Jonson you will find two of your sources.

JACENT HEIN.—Yes, the plot might do. But I think the fight is misplaced. It is not likely to have been entered into by a man who was about to be blackmailed. If you want to describe a fight, you might wait till you disclose your story, and give the scene in 'Clifford's Hole.' Omit the grammar lesson in Chap. II. Keep such language as "I did not essay to distinguish her orbed contour through the vapour veil" for the rarest occasions. When you "essay" simpler language, it is hardly correct enough. "What much of him I knew" is not English. Go on.

NORA HOPPER.—No. 1 (the valedictory poem) good, and would be most gratifying to whomsoever it is addressed. The lines, "Yours is . . . For me, I dare, etc.," sound perhaps a trifle "tall," and yet I hardly advise you altering them. No 2, "Into the darkness," very pretty. In No. 3 the metre is very musical, and befits its Celtic subject. The last few lines might be improved, however. No. 4 is less successful; you seem ill at ease with the subject, and No. 5, though pretty, contains nothing striking except "eyes fulfilled of May," and I am not sure of the meaning of the phrase. However, they are all to your credit.

J. P.—The paper is by no means worthless, but it is not "up to the standard of ordinary journalism." I doubt if literary criticism is what you would succeed in, though this is very evidently a conscientious attempt to appreciate the subject you have chosen. The criticism is so crude that a long apprenticeship would lie before you. On pp. 4-5 and the last page, it might be worth while revising some of the opinions stated. "A jeweller in words" is bad if meant for praise, and don't use slang in a paper of this kind, even if you apologise for it. This kind of essay is good for your education, and moderately good for practice in writing.

NETTA.—You might make something of the little story, but not yet. Your path is perfectly clear if you are serious in your desire to write. First, learn the value of a sentence and of a paragraph. Then try to find words that will enable you to avoid italics, except on rare and solemn occasions. "That *did* please me," "I *did* like," "I liked to think I *could*," sentences like those are not worth italics. Also strive after a greater degree of accuracy and fitness of expression. If your friend called you a "charmante *vielle verge*" (the occasion merits italics), it was high time for you to leave him. You had a grievance, too, against the other who sang "Kathleen Mavourin." You were "a sad girl in the morning," you say, but we have to examine the context to find that you were unpunctual rather than melancholy. Is to be "arranged in a pretty garden hat" a permissible term in millinery? "Invite" is not a substantive. Occasionally there is a slight lack of good tast in your allusions to the "friends," but skilfully dealt with the sketch would pass. Only you must begin at the very beginning, and I should suggest a course of lessons in composition to help you over the duller stage of the art of writing.

WOOD RANGER.—No. 1 is defective in metre. Examine stanzas 2 and 3. And poetry hardly admits of shorthand like "At window I'd viewed in day." The last lines of stanzas 1 and 3 are awkward. The whole is fine language rather than poetry. No. 2 is better. But what is the meaning of line 7, and did the exigencies of the rhyme suggest one of the words? The last part is rather prosy, though the moral is excellent.

MARY SCOTT.—If you altered the ending you might offer it to a children's magazine. The death of the boy is senseless, and it adds nothing to the pathos of the story. A dozen other things might have happened, each of them better than the end you have chosen. It would be well, too, to infuse a robuster tone into the story, if you can.

SUNFLOWER.—Not at all bad. It would probably serve as an awful warning to many little boys. A real doctor, however, attending a patient who had bumped his head so seriously, would probably have postponed telling that story for fear of exciting the brain. It is up to the standard of the average juvenile domestic story, and would have a chance of acceptance by a young children's magazine.

LYRA.—No. 1 good. One or two of the lines are weak, ll. 7 and 17 or instance. No. 2 fair. No. 3 is the best. But your similes in the last two lines give a confusing image. The first hexameter is faulty. Your work, considering your age, is most creditable.

AMBER.—Wildly improbable, but not uninteresting. But the success of a sensational story like yours depends on its secret being kept. You give yours away at once. The mysterious fellow passenger is known from the beginning to be the murderer. And from his conversation it is evident he was not the villain you make him out to be, but a lunatic. You should not give so many details of the trial. It wants a stronger hand to paint the scene. A few suggestions would have better served your purpose. The MS. is not good enough to be accepted by a magazine, but some passages lead one to think you might write a fair story.

VANBRUGH.—A good story, and worth while making better. It is a slight mistake to let the suggestion about the amanuensis come from your aunt, and you have not quite succeeded in describing how the strange power was exerted over you. You probably recognise a slight resemblance in the plot to that of a story that recently attracted a good deal of attention. Your style is rather ponderous, and sometimes hard to understand. What do you mean by being "numerically neutral"? Why should a literary man not talk of the weather?—the most important thing in the world to all sensitive organisations. You want a good deal of practice in writing prose, but there is no reason for discouragement on your part.

VIOLET.—The meaning is clearly expressed in what would be fairly good prose were it not for the rhymes. There is hardly enough matter to last out four stanzas. Send something, not in verse, if possible. It would be hardly fair to judge your talents by this specimen.

FRANCIS VILLON.—Stick to prose, which you write creditably. The refrain in the first set of verses, and such lines as "Did not towards affection tend," "An intensely lovely scene," show that you have not the gift of verse-making. There are signs of terrible labour in that ponderous joke, No. 3.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Cartwright, T.—Mental Science and Logic for Teachers, 2/6 ..Hughes
Christian World Pulpit, The.—Vol. xli., 4/6 .....J. Clarke
[*This volume, from January to June* 1892, *contains nearly two hundred well-selected sermons and meditations by representatives of different schools of thought. Among the contributors are Archdeacon Farrar, the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Dean Bradley, Rev. Stopford Brooke, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Dale, Principal Fairbairn, Canon Scott Holland, Rev. R. F. Horton, and Dr. George Macdonald.*]
Ealand, Rev. F.—Sermons from Browning, 2/6.....E. Stock
Farrar, F. W.—Mercy and Judgment. Last Words on Christian Eschatology, 3/6

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Findlay, Rev. Prof. G. G.—Epistle to the Ephesians, 7/6 Hodder and Stoughton
[*A very fine commentary, marked by considerable distinction of style.*]
Fisher, G. P.—Manual of Christian Evidences, 2/-.....Dickinson
Great Discourse, The, of Jesus Christ, 2/- .....Griffith & Farran
Hall, N.—Divine Brotherhood, 4/-.....Clark
[*Dr. Newman Hall's parting memorial to his congregation.*]
Hughes, M. J.—Guide to Preparation for Cambridge and Oxford Candidates for Holy Orders, 2/- .....Sonnenschein
Hyde, Rev. T. D.—Sermon Pictures for Children's Services, 3/6 Dickinson
Johnson, G. E.—Book of Joshua, 1/-.....Nisbet
Lees, J. C.—Life and Conduct, 6d., net.....A. & C. Black
[*One of a series called 'Guild and Bible-Class Text-Books,' and specially intended to meet the wants of Literary or Mutual Improvement Associations connected with religious bodies. No doubt such books as tell you to "Cultivate a pleasing manner," and that "Good temper may be acquired," are useful. At all events they are read, as the large numbers of them published testify. This one is sympathetically written. It gives Professor Blackie's list of the hundred best books, from his work on 'Self-Culture.'*]
Mackarness, Rev. C. C.—Memorials of Episcopate of Rev. J. F. Mackarness, Bishop of Oxford, 1870 to 1888, 5/-....Parker
Newbolt, Rev. W. C. E.—Penitence and Peace. Addresses on 51st and 23rd Psalms, 2/6 .....Longmans
Pool, J. J.—Studies in Mahomedanism, with a Chapter on Islam in England, 6/-.....Simpkin
Randles, Rev. M.—Design and Use of Holy Scripture (Fernley Lecture, 1892), 2/-.....Wes. Conf. Off.
Stephenson, T. B.—Words of a Year, Sermons and Addresses, 3/6 Wes. Conf. Off.
Stone, J. M.—Faithful Unto Death. Sufferings of the English Franciscans during the 16th and 17th centuries, 7/6 K. Paul
Talmage, D. W.—The Cry that Opens Heaven, 1/- .....Wheeler

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Boyle, J. R.—Guide to the County of Durham.....W. Scott
[*A capital guide, dealing exhaustively with the Durham, Bishop Auckland, Sunderland, Gateshead, Hartlepool, Stockton, Darlington, and Barnard Castle sections. The maps are good. To the physical features, botany and geology, of the districts a good deal of space is given, but it is the historical and antiquarian side of the book that is the most valuable. If a pedestrian or cyclist does not grudge the weight—it is not of such convenient a size as a Baedeker—he will find it a good companion when he reaches his inn.*]
Cater, Rev. J.—Bisley Bits; or, Records of a Surrey Corner, 2/6 Simpkin
Ellis, Rev. J. J.—Life of Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, 2/6 ('Lives that Speak').....Nisbet
Ellis, Rev. J. J.—Life of Lord Shaftesbury, 1/-.....Nisbet
Fell-Smith, C., edited by.—Steven Crisp and his Correspondents, 1657-1692.....Hicks
[*Crisp's letters throw a great deal of light on the early history of Quakerism. The present volume consists of a well-edited synopsis of the Colchester collection, with an introduction dealing with the biography of Crisp and with the persecution of the Quakers. Among his correspondents were many persons of note in the religious and political worlds, which make it all the more to be regretted that the letters themselves are not given. The illustrations are interesting, there being, among others, portraits of Fox, Nayler, and the Princess Elizabeth, and illustrations of Colchester Castle, the scene of much Quaker suffering.*]
Griffin, Sir Lepel.—Ranjit Singh (Rulers of India Series), 2/6 Clarendon Press
Handbook on Mashonaland: the Country and How to Reach it, 2/6 Eglinton
Island Scenery: The Isle of Man, Isle of Wight, and the Channel Islands, 2/-.....Knapp
Johnstone, Dr. G., Selections from the Correspondence of, collected by his daughter, Mrs. Barwell-Carter, 15/- .....Douglas
Jones, H. L. and Lockwood, C. B.—Swin, Swale, and Swatchway; or, Cruises down the Thames, 10/6 .....Waterlow
Kurz, L.—The Chain of Mount Blanc, 10/- (Conway and Coolidge's Climber's Guides).....Unwin
Longman's School History of India, by Rev. G. W. Pope, 2/6 Longmans
Malone, Rev. S.—Chapters toward a Life of St. Patrick, 2/6..Simpkin
Markham, C. R.—History of Peru, 2 dols. 50 cents ..Sergel, Chicago.
[*This history deals with Peru from the Conquest till now. It is especially valuable as giving a vivid and accurate picture of the country at the present day. Readers will find the political and commercial conditions of Peru clearly stated. A list of the principal authorities on Peruvian history is also given, and the book contains good illustrations of scenery, buildings, types of native races, etc., and five good maps. The book, one of a series called the 'Latin-American Republics,' is interesting, and seems to be conscientiously put together.*]
Nichol, J.—Thomas Carlyle (English Men of Letters), 2/6..Macmillan
[*See p.* 179.]
Oliphant, J. C.—Some Rambles Round Edinburgh, 1/- net Macniven & Wallace
[*This pleasantly-written little book begins with the praise of walking as against cycling and other forms of exercise, and it is for the wanderer on foot that Mr. Oliphant writes of Corstorphine, and Colinton, Glencorse. It is hardly of the nature of a guide-book, but contains a good many suggestions which it would be pleasant to carry out.*]
Poland, H.—Fur-bearing Animals in Nature and in Commerce, 15/- Gurney
Rees, W. L.—Life and Times of Sir G. Grey, 2 vols., 32/- Hutchinson
Reunert's Diamond Mines of South Africa .....S. Low
[*Written in preparation for the South African and International Exhibition to be opened at Kimberley this month. The pamphlet contains a plan of the mines, several illustrations, and gives, on the whole, a very cheerful account of the Diamond Mining Industr of South Africa.*]
Roosevelt, B.—Victorien Sardou: a Personal Study, 3/6.....K. Paul
Ross, F.—Bygone London, 7/6 .....Hutchinson
Stevenson, R. L.—A Foot-Note to History, Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa, 6/-.....Cassell
Sun Pictures from Many Lands, 3/6 .....Hazell

NEW EDITIONS.

Lowe, C.—Prince Bismarck, 6/- .....Heinemann
[*This edition has been reconstructed, and has received such important additions as to make of it virtually a new book. The new concluding chapter brings Bismarck's life up to almost the present moment. Its claim to be the most complete and succinct account of Bismarck's career that has appeared up to the present moment is indisputable. It gives the history of modern Germany in less than 350 pages, and very readably. Mr. Lowe speaks with the authority of one who knows German political life at first hand. Two portraits of Bismarck at nineteen and at seventy have been finely reproduced.*]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales (Sir John Lubbock's One Hundred Books), 3/6 .....Routledge
Cole, E. W.—The Best Song Book in the World, 3/6 ....Hutchinson
Dryden, J., Works of, with Notes and Life, by Sir W. Scott; edited by Sainsbury, vol. 15, 10/6
Ellis, W. A.—Wagner Sketches, 2 - .....K. Paul
Horsfield, H. K.—In the Gun-Room. Sketches in Prose and Verse, 3/6 Remington
Longstaff, W. L.—Passion and Reflection, 1/- .....Hampson
[*There is a ferocious defiance of critics in the introductory note to the Reader. But critics will probably deal kindly with the little book. There is a good deal of worth in this very thin volume of verse. The poems are rather rhapsodical, and sound a false note at times, as when the murderer says to his lady-love, "I . . . Stabbed him right thro', my pet, Stifling his groan." But they are thoughtful and unconventional, and sometimes very successful in metre.*]
Merry Minstrelsy, Everybody's Book of Humorous Poetry, 2/6 Howe
Pinero, A. W.—The Magistrate. A Farce in three acts, 2/6 Heinemann
Shelley's Poetical Works, edited by H. Buxton Forman, vol. 3, 2/6 Bell
[*Vol. 3 contains 'The Cenci,' the 'Prometheus Unbound,' and other Poems, 'Œdipus Tyrannus' and 'Epipsychidion,' and is the most interesting and, from a student's point of view, the most valuable that has appeared. The studies for many of the poems, cancelled passages, and different readings, have been collected and selected most carefully from all reliable sources, the manuscript book in the Harvard Library, the revised edition of Shelley published by Mrs. Shelley in 1839, etc. The account in prose of the 'Death of the Family of the Cenci,' which furnished the poet with his conception for the tragedy, is given here.*]
Watson, J. L.—New Songs to Sing, part 1, 2/- .....Simpkin
Yarrington, W. H. H.—Australian Verses, 2/6 .....Roberson
Yeats, W. B.—The Countess Kathleen, and various Legends and Lyrics, 3/6 .....Unwin

FICTION.

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[*Three vigorous or at least boisterous stories, the scenes of which are laid mostly in Japan. They are clever enough, and they would be readable were they not written in the fatiguing slangy style which the cosmopolitan pressman seems particularly to affect.*]
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[*See p.* 184.]
Beresford, M.—Belhaven, 2 vols., 21/- .....Hurst & Blackett
Björnson's Heritage of the Kurts, translated by C. Fairfax, 2/6 Heinemann
[*See p.* 184.]
Buchanan, R.—Come, Live with Me and be My Love, 6/- Heinemann
[*See p.* 185.]
Carey, R. N.—But Men Must Work, 2/- .....Bentley
Coleman, J.—Wife, yet no Wife, a Story of to-day, 3 vols., 31/6 Drane
Croker, B. M.—Interference: a Novel, 2/6.....F. White
Dod, S. B.—A Highland Chronicle, 5/- .....Hutchinson
[*See p.* 185.]
Douglas, G.—Tib, 2/- .....Oliphant
Dowling, R.—A Baffling Quest, 3/6 .....Ward and Downey
[*See p.* 184.]
Fergusson, R. Menzies—Our Trip North, 3/6 .....Digby & Long
[*A batch of young men go to Orkney and elsewhere, and one of them tells the story of it, and reports their conversations on art, theology, and the Universe. There was nothing very remarkable about the trip, but the adventures, such as they are, are told in a wholesome fashion.*]
Fletcher, L.—Into the Unknown. A Romance of South Africa, 4/- Cassell
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[*The heroine that bears this outlandish name is a good conventional daughter of the rectory, who is introduced to "Vanity Fair," and is to her credit, a failure there. She is admirable in all relations of life, and her story is well fitted for young persons' libraries. Perhaps she might have been more attractive had she been livelier, but the book fulfils its purpose, and is conscientiously written.*]
Hill, C.—Where the Sea Birds Cry.....Digby & Long
[*The story of an eventful career. The hero, who unfortunately even to the end bears the unheroic name of Georgie, is kidnapped, left on the beach to be washed away by the tide, found and brought up by an Irish smuggler, restored to his friends, trained for the navy, landed on a desert island, captured by Spanish pirates, etc., etc., etc. Of course he becomes an admiral at a very early age. And yet, in spite of all these attractions, it is doubtful if boys will like it. It is lacking in something—perhaps in robustness.*]
Horne-Gale, W. B.—Where Honour Sits, 6/- .....Digby
[*This is a tale of the Desert March, Egypt, 1884-5. It is a poor story, being concerned not so much with the Desert March as with the love troubles of two or three dull people, who fail all through to rouse interest in themselves.*]
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[*A story for children of a wicked American impostor who comes to disturb the peace of an amiable English family by claiming their estates for his little son—who is, of course, not his son at all. Children might find the tale itself interesting, but the foolish exaggerations in the description of the Americans and the nauseous style are drawbacks.*]

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[*Romantic tales founded on or suggested by historical incidents more or less connected with the Lake Country. The historic basis is slight enough in some of them, but they are very good stories nevertheless, and of interest to Westmoreland natives and Lake Country visitors.*]
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[*See p.* 185.] Unwin
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